

## Marked

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## Marked

by [meri\\_wether](#)

### Summary

“What’s with the mask?” George lured out. “You’re just Mister Mysterious, aren’t you?”

“I suppose I am.” The close proximity was making Clay’s brain short-circuit. It took all of his will power to not just devour this man where they sat.

George leaned closer to Clay’s ear and whispered, “I like that.” Unknowingly leaving his neck completely to Clay’s mercy. George’s heartbeat boomed in Dream’s head.

“You’re playing a dangerous game.”

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Or, Dream is a vampire that ends up meeting a bratty brunette that flips his world upside down.

# The Meeting

## Chapter Notes

This fan-fiction is purely for fun, do NOT force this down any cc's throats. If this fic makes Dream or George uncomfortable, I will take it down immediately. Anyway, I hope you enjoy. :)

My beta reader made this playlist for marked!!!

### Playlist

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A masked man stalked from the dark rooftops, quickly searching the alleys and unlit sidewalks for his next victim. Leaping from rooftop to rooftop, he finally spotted a lonesome woman staggering against the stone wall of a rundown restaurant. He could smell the stench of alcohol from where he crouched. Dream scoffed in disgust to himself. Though a drunkard is easy to manipulate and get a decent meal from, the abundance of alcohol in the blood tends to spoil his appetite. He watched with boredom she stumbled over herself and debated if it was even worth it. He held his chin in his hands as he peered over the side of the building.

He hadn't eaten since yesterday evening and eventually decided it would be effortless enough to take her out. Just as he prepared to lower himself into the shadows and pounce, an overwhelming scent nearby hit him like a tsunami. Dream felt his entire world shift. His body shook as the smell of oncoming rain flooded his senses.

Temporarily dazed, he tried to regain his balance. The scent contorted his senses and sent everything into overdrive. With his fangs suddenly protruding from his gums, he found he could not will them away. Dream inhaled and exhaled through his mouth and he stared up at the starry night sky. *Too much.* It made him feel starved.

The dull woman completely forgotten, Dream turned and hopped hungrily on the tops of buildings toward the scent.

He grew closer and closer, but not without tripping over himself. From a distance, Dream spotted flashing neon lights. He landed steadily on top of the bar and nearly blinded himself with the bright lights of the sign; temporarily distracting him enough to come back to focus on his surroundings. "Church Prime" read the sign. *A gay bar called Church Prime?* He couldn't hold back the small chuckle that left his mouth.

Without a doubt, the scent was coming from inside the building below him. Clay loved the hunt, he loved watching the life drain out of his victims' eyes. He felt himself shiver with bloodthirsty excitement as he licked his lips. *He needed a taste of this person's blood.*

The blonde scanned for an access point into the building that wouldn't require him walking by the bouncers at the entrance. *He fucking hated bouncers.* Clay could easily take them, but wasn't in the mood to cause a scene. Especially not if it would scare off his meal.

He found a back door, when he reached to grab the handle, it was locked. Dream seethed through his teeth and snapped the handle off without a second thought. The door cracked open on its own without the deadlock keeping it in place.

The smell only got stronger with each step he took, his mind completely zeroed in on finding its owner. Unfortunately, he got interrupted by a stern voice.

"Hey man, you can't be back here."

He turned around to find a man, slightly shorter than himself, that appeared to be a manager.

Dream scoffed indignantly and raised his hand to slightly raise his mask to reveal his eyes. Without a word, the man's eyes blurred and he crumpled to the floor.

He opened the door and continued out into the large, main room of the bar. He made sure that his fangs weren't exposed.

The tall ceilings and wide deep oak walls were flashing with colored lights. Blaring music through the speakers seemed to bounce off the walls. The room made his head spin. He could still smell the source, but it was slightly masked by the dancing bodies scattered on the dance floor.

Clay crept into the crowd and quickly blended in. The racing heartbeats thrummed in his ears and the smell of arousal on nearly every body made the vampire lick his lips hungrily.

Despite his mind spinning, he walked in stride toward the direction of his victim. He spotted three men congregated in a corner of the room that all seemed to be ogling someone. He followed their gazes and his eyes locked on a man with dark hair sitting at the bar sipping a cherry cocktail.

‘Bullseye.’ Clay thought to himself.

Clay eyed him from a distance. The man had white glasses perched atop his head, keeping the brunette locks out of his face. This man had an impressive build, he was certainly in shape. Lean, yet slightly muscular. He hummed to himself in approval. It suddenly made sense why the men were gawking at this masterpiece of a man. The blonde’s eyes trailed up the man’s body to his neck. The world around him seemed to grow silent as he fixated on the blood pulsing through the veins in the man’s body. He creped up to his side at the bar, pulling out a stool.

The man groaned in annoyance. “I already told you that I’m not—,”

Dark, brown eyes turned to him, about to continue his protest but stopped and widened at the man in front of him.

“Why, hello there.” The man spoke in a rhythmically alluring English accent and Clay found himself completely entranced.

Clay leaned into his personal space and he heard the man’s pulse flutter.

“Is someone giving you trouble?” Dream asked with a slight teasing hilt to his voice.

The pretty human hid a smile and glanced to the other men. “They *were*.”

“*What’s your name?*” Clay let out a fraction of his pheromones to numb the other’s mind. He cupped the man’s cheek and pressed his ring finger to the juncture just below his jaw to feel his pulse.

“George. How about yourself?” The way the man’s words rolled off of his tongue made Clay smirk. He wanted to do unimaginable things to this...George. A name fit for a man so stunning.

“Dream, a pleasure to meet you, *George*. ” George smirked and tilted his head, taking in Clay’s features.

“*Dream* ? That cannot be your real name”. George let out a soft laugh.

Clay chuckled darkly and mused, “I suppose you’ll just have to earn my real name then, won’t you?”

George reached up and removed Clay’s hand from his face, using it to pull the blonde closer to him. The sudden confidence catching Clay off-guard.

“What’s with the mask?” George lured out. “You’re just Mister Mysterious, aren’t you?”

“I suppose I am.” The close proximity was making Clay’s brain short-circuit. It took all of his will power to not just devour this man where they sat.

George leaned closer to Clay’s ear and whispered, “*I like that.*” Unknowingly leaving his neck completely to Clay’s mercy. George’s heartbeat booming in Clay’s head.

“You’re playing a *dangerous* game.” Clay growled out. He could feel himself slowly starting to slip, and leaned back, his instincts reeling at the lost proximity.

Clay grasped George’s chin with a chilling assertiveness and stated through clenched teeth. “Perhaps we should get out of here and I can show you just how mysterious I can be.” Clay could smell the sweet tinges of arousal leaking from George. To his surprise, George wasn’t quite so ready to submit.

“What’s in it for me?” George glanced away at his drink and feigned disinterest.

Clay’s eyebrows raised under the mask and he let a low laugh slip out. So George just wanted to be bratty then. This would be fun.

“I bet I could show you a mind numbing ecstasy far beyond anything you’ve *ever* experienced. The night of your life.” Clay lowered his voice only for George’s ears. He watched George’s eyes darken with excitement.

“Those are big words, are you sure you’ll be able to follow through with them?” George

taunted.

“I can assure you that tonight will change your life.”

George stared at him, and let his eyes wander down Clay’s body, seemingly sizing him up. The brunette reached into his pocket and grabbed a ten and held it between his index and middle fingers, waving it back and forth. Clay maintained eye contact and inhaled, taking in George’s delicious smell. He could feel himself salivating. His fangs were aching but they were not currently exposed. His entire being ached for George, the very thought almost made Clay feel vulnerable.

George flicked the bill down onto the counter and stood. “Don’t disappoint me.” At that, George turned to leave, Clay hungrily followed with his hands in his back pockets.

He could almost taste him, he nearly had this man exactly where he wanted him. They needed to find a place where there wouldn’t be any interruptions. Clay followed him through a back exit, and toward the dark alleyway.

“My flat is just a few blocks from here.” George glanced up behind him and Clay watched his eyes widen. George bit his lip, clearly trying to fight the warmth flooding to his cheeks. This made Clay suddenly realize the height advantage he had over the brit. Clay could easily bend this man to his will. The thought sent a spark through his cold veins.

Once George made his next turn, Clay caught a heavy whiff of his scent in the wind and decided he had waited long enough. In a flash, Clay had George’s back slammed up against the cold brick wall and the man’s legs wrapped around his waist. George gasped in surprise and mocked out:

“Impatient, aren’t we, *Dream* ?”

Clay paid him no mind and started to release more pheromones. He then began grinding his hips against George which made them both let out groans.

Clay quickly noted the high pitched gasps that George let out and needed to hear more. George started to push against Clay’s hips as well, his breathing becoming increasingly heavier.

Then, Clay stole a kiss, practically moaning at his first taste. If his saliva was this intoxicating, Clay couldn't comprehend how his blood would taste. George gasped as he felt Clay's tongue enter his mouth. The hints of cherry flavoring on George's tongue made Clay's brain soar. Clay wanted to taste all that George had to offer. Every inch of his body Clay wanted to make *his*. The blonde's lips left George's and trailed down.

He fervently placed a kiss and then a mark on George's jawline, and one just under his ear. Clay licked down his neck, savoring George's salty skin. George panted in Clay's ear and gasped out, "D-Dream- AH", as Clay continued to kiss the sensitive spots along his neck. Clay located George's main artery running through the side of his neck and pressed his open mouth against the skin, not biting down yet. His fangs lightly pressed to the skin, Clay increased the speed of the friction between himself and the man against him. He released one last dosage of pheromones to numb the pain, and bit down. He heard George hiss into his ear in pain but Clay was gone.

The ungodly taste of George's blood could not even be described in words. A carnal taste so mesmerizingly addictive that as it flooded into his mouth, he didn't think any other human's blood would ever satisfy him for as long as he lived. Clay lapped it up, not willing to even spare a loose drop.

George had a tight hold on Clay's shoulders as he moaned through his climax and slumped against him. With one rather harsh thrust, Clay finished as well. A clattering noise made Clay's instincts flare up. He glanced to the side and realized George's glasses had fallen off of his head onto the ground next to them. Clay stared at George's throat and prepared to kill him. As he breathed in again, he found himself hesitating. *Why was he hesitating?*

Clay released the hold he had on George that kept him perched on the wall; letting the man collapse to the ground. Clay stared at the now unconscious man sprawled on the pavement. He wasn't dead. Clay could still hear his heartbeat. If he left the man here, he'd surely die. If not of blood loss, then a lower vampire would come and finish the job within a few minutes.

The sudden thought of anyone else touching George made him indescribably angry. Clay licked the bit of blood off of his fang and huffed to himself. He wanted to keep George. Clay wasn't going to share what was his.

Clay hoisted the man back up and traced the wound with his tongue, watching as the bite healed. He didn't know where George lived, and the man didn't show any signs of waking any time soon for Clay to ask. The blonde lifted the human up, bridal style. Leaning back down to grab the white glasses and secure them in the brunette's smaller hands. There was only one place Clay could think to take George.

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"Cla— DREAM?"

Clay's halfbreed friend gaped at him through the gap in the door. The chain lock was still secured, only allowing the door to open a few inches.

As light flooded the dark street from the open door, Nick stood in complete bewilderment. The door closed almost completely, engulfing him back into darkness. There was a quick clinking and then the door opened fully. Nick only now seemed to notice the unconscious human in Clay's arms. The raven haired man gestured to George and tilts his head in question.

"The first time you show your face in thirty six years and the first thing you do is bring an unconscious twink to my door?" Nick rolled his eyes in distaste and moved out of the doorway, allowing Clay access into his house, and then closing the door behind him. As the blonde maneuvered through the threshold and into the candlelit hallway, he spared a thankful glance to the halfbreed.

"Can I put him in the guest room?" Clay said in a low voice, careful not to wake the man cradled in his arms. Nick raised a dark eyebrow and nodded. Clay walked through the small house and found the second bedroom, moving George's weight easily to one arm, he opened the door.

Clay gently set George atop the dark maroon bed covers. The blonde watched George's sleeping chest rise and fall. His eyes slid to the human's neck and he could still hear the heartbeat. Satisfied, he turned to the hallway to look at Nick with a sheepish smile. The halfbreed gaped at the gentle gesture.

"Seriously. You need to fill me the fuck in, since when do you spare humans? I thought you were all about finishing the kill." Clay walked them both out of the bedroom and closed the door behind them, knowing that both he and his friend would hear George wake up.

Clay shrugged as the two walked over to the resting room in the middle of the house.

"I guess he just caught my interest. It didn't feel right to kill him, and the idea of leaving him there for someone else to suck him dry pissed me off." Nick scoffed behind him.

"That's the stupidest shit I've ever heard. You aren't actually getting attached to a human, are you?" When Clay didn't respond, Nick only stared harder.

"Oh my fucking god." Nick groaned. "You've really done it this time. By sparing him, he's

in more danger now than he would have been if you'd just finished it."

Clay growled in slight annoyance, leaning up against a wall to look down at his friend. "That's why I brought him here. This is the safest place for him. You aren't interested, and the other vampires can't get in."

"So what now, he just stays at my house for three months until the initial bite is out of his system?" Clay shakes his head and glances to the door of the room George is sleeping in.

"Just for tonight. I didn't know where his apartment was and I would've needed him to invite me in. This way, I can at least monitor him."

Nick stared at his friend, and then sighed in resignation. "Fine. Keeping this guy alive is going to be a pain in your ass. You'll have to keep an eye on him around every turn he makes, or he will be someone else's dinner." Nick sat on the leathered sofa and patted the spot next to him.

"You owe me some catching up. Now, why the hell haven't you reached out?" Clay smiled and walked over to join the halfbreed on the couch.

The immortals talked into the next morning, laughing and reminiscing old times until they heard the man shuffling around in the spare room.

## Chapter End Notes

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

## Explanation

### Chapter Summary

George wakes up and Dream decides to keep him around.

### Chapter Notes

Hello! I know it's been a month but I'm back! I hope you enjoy this chapter.

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George awoke the next morning with a blaring headache. He sat up and groaned, palms rubbing at his temples. There was no way he drank enough to have a hangover, he only had one cocktail to avoid this exact sensation. George opened his eyes and through his blurry vision, realized he wasn't in his own bed. *Why the fuck was it so cold in here?*

He tried to recollect his late night activities. George noted that his ass didn't ache, *what had happened then?*

He recalled ordering his drink, he knew many of the men tried to seduce him to no avail. *Until that man with the smiley mask—*

“You’re awake.”

George jolted as the voice behind him made its presence clear. Fear jolted up his spine, nearly freezing him in place. He quickly reached a hand up to his neck searching for a wound. He pulled his hand back and marveled at the lack of blood. *Was it just a nightmare?*

He whirled around to find the painfully attractive man from last night standing at the door, still wearing his mask. George noticed a quiet man behind Dream observing him and felt his cheeks heat up in slight embarrassment.

Dream gestured to the bedside table. “I’d recommend you take the medication. Your head probably hurts like a bitch.”

George gaped at him. He could feel the power and strength radiating off the blonde in waves, the thought alone made the brunette shiver. Suddenly, something else shifted in the room and George was engulfed in a tranquil warmth. *He was safe.* George's instincts informed him. He glanced at the pill and glass of water on his nightstand. He noted that his clout goggles folded next to the cup. Reluctantly, he took the pill.

There was a dramatic gag and then, "Jesus, Dream. Can you calm the fuck down with the pheromones? My house is going to wreak of you for weeks now." The raven haired man behind Dream groaned and scrunched his nose up in distaste.

Dream made no point of acknowledging the comment and continued staring at George.

"What is this? Where—" George's shaky voice was cut off. Dream was suddenly in his face, a single finger pressed to George's lips.

"Shhhh... now. I took you to an old friend's house. I didn't know where you lived, and you certainly weren't going to wake up to tell me."

At this, the dark haired man at the doorway scoffed and rolled his eyes in disbelief, then closed the door.

George watched as Dream moved to sit on the foot of the bed and leaned against the bedpost. George let his eyes trail down Dream's toned body, he couldn't help but observe the obvious muscle definition beneath the green dress shirt. The brunette subconsciously bit his lip. Dream let out a low chuckle and shattered George's facade.

Despite George not being able to see Dream's eyes, he could feel the blonde's heated gaze through the mask. "You can ask your questions." Dream stated rather than asked.

"Are you going to kill me?"

Dream smirked at him and seemed to consider this question. "On the contrary, although, I certainly considered it. I do believe you'd be far more entertaining alive." The blonde added, "That's not to say I won't kill you, but for the time being, I've chosen to protect you."

George stared at him and tried to keep his face neutral. “What are you?” He wasn’t entirely sure that he wanted to know the truth, but he didn’t want to continue dancing around the elephant in the room.

Dream’s face slightly shifted to something close to annoyance. “Oh, *come on* now.” The phrase went straight to the gutter in George’s mind. “We both know that you already know the answer to that.” He rolled his eyes, but answered the question anyway. “A vampire.” George gaped at him.

“It wasn’t a dream then! You did bite me last night.”

“Oh, *yes*. Quite the treat you were, too.” Dream smirked at him. “Although, I certainly didn’t see you complaining.” There was a hint of a teasing tone behind the words and it made George squirm.

Deciding this certain topic was done, George asked “If you aren’t going to kill me-“ Dream cut him off, “*Yet*.” George frowned with slight annoyance at the interruption. “If you aren’t going to kill me ‘*yet*’, ” he mocked, “then what is there to protect me from?”

The vampire glanced again in his direction, and seemed to be assessing George. Contemplating if he should tell the truth.

“The other vampires.” Dream crossed his arms and decided to explain further. “I am a coordinate vampire. The lower vampires eat after I do. In normal circumstances, coordinate vampires take what they need and leave the scraps for the lower vampires. The scent of a human becomes stronger after they’re bitten and it’s much easier for lower vampires to find them. In other words, you’re marked now and if I don’t protect you, a lower vampire will tear your throat out.”

George felt his blood run cold. He had a giant target on his back now, he was practically a dead man walking.

Dream must have noticed the mood change. “I don’t like sharing. No one smart is going to try and touch you.” Oddly enough, George felt a small comfort in the words. He went to rub his neck and was hit with a new question.

“Where did the bite go?”

“My saliva healed it instantly. It won’t even leave a scar.” The vampire’s laid back attitude quickly shifted as he sucked in a breath and nearly choked. George saw him slightly tense up and stared at him in wonder.

“Are you alright?” The brunette inquired. Dream glanced at George and then looked away.

“Fine.” He heard the blonde mutter.

George observed him and before he could stop himself, he spoke. “Show me how your saliva works.”

Dream gaped at him. “What? Are you completely deranged?”

“Just show me.”

George outstretched his hand toward the vampire. Dream took his hand and stared at him some more.

“You must have a death wish.”

Dream licked the tip of his index finger and George caught a flash of fangs. The blonde watched George’s face and pricked his finger with a fang. The brunette let out a sharp gasp. George couldn’t look away, completely entranced by the display.

He watched the blood trail down his finger with interest. George’s eyes followed the movement of Dream’s tongue as it lapped it up. The blonde let out a low pleased sigh and George felt the thick, immense energy rolling off of the vampire. It only proceeded to turn him on more. He felt his own breathing pick up and his body temperature rise.

Dream’s tongue covered the puncture wound and George watched as the mark completely closed right before his eyes.

George could only stare, entirely awestruck.

“Fuck, that was unnecessarily hot.”

Dream slyly grinned at him, fangs exposed. George felt his cock twitch against his briefs, which felt entirely too tight all of a sudden.

Dream’s tongue slowly traced over one of his fangs, cleaning the residue of blood.

“Do you have a biting kink, George?”

“I didn’t,” he paused, “but I sure as hell do now.”

The vampire slowly crawled closer to him, and before George knew it, his hands were pinned above his head. Dream straddled his waist, looming over him.

“If that’s the case, then I have the feeling you and I might just get along.” The hand that wasn’t restraining George’s hands lightly pressed against the sides of the brunette’s throat. He felt his pulse lightly constrict and his breathing grow tighter. Completely at Dream’s mercy.

The rush of adrenaline only fueled George’s arousal. To his surprise, a small, pathetic groan slipped past his lips. The danger and power radiating off of the man on top of him was exhilarating.

Dream trapped George in a kiss and George arched up, desperate for friction. He noticed that Dream’s fangs were still very much razor-sharp. Curiosity got the best of him and he let his tongue brush against the fang.

“Be careful—“ Dream abruptly cut off as George pressed his tongue to the point and let it sink in. Blood filled his mouth and he felt Dream freeze. It stung, but pleasure fogged the pain.

Dream chuckled darkly. “I happen to have impeccable self control, but you’re playing a very dangerous game. Do *not* test me.” A drop of blood dribbled down from George’s mouth. Dream wiped it away with his thumb and brought his finger to his mouth and licked it.

George whined, and bit out, “Well *do* something about it then.” As another drop nearly spilled over, Dream licked George’s bottom lip, catching it. The vampire closed his mouth over George’s again and lapped the blood up. He sucked on George’s tongue and once the wound

healed, he leaned up to the brunette's ear and whispered hotly.

"*You aren't in a position to be calling the shots.*" Dream hoisted himself up and got off the bed.

"Besides," the blonde looked him up and down, "you need to get back to your 'flat.' Tell me where you live."

George was completely stunned.

"W-what? That's not fair." George pouted and tried to glare at Dream, though it didn't have the effect he was going for. Dream just laughed at him and there was a slight wheeze to it.

"That's precious." Dream heartily pinched one of George's puffed out cheeks. He leaned down to George's ear. "*In due time. Don't fret.*" George huffed.

"I live close to that bar. The OakWood complex." Dream hummed and grabbed George's clout goggles, handing them to the other man. Then, Dream picked George up bridal style and the smaller man squeaked.

"Close your eyes." George did as he was told and felt the world buzz around him. He felt almost nauseous, the only things grounding him were the arms wrapped protectively around him.

"Open." George was stunned to find himself at his complex. Only a few seconds had breezed by. Add this to the list of insane things that have happened in the past 24 hours of his life. Dream let George down and his legs were shaky. He used Dream for balance.

"That's always rough for the first time. At any rate, lead the way?" Dream laughed to himself and wrapped an arm protectively around George's shoulders. They walked into the building. The early hours meant the lobby was practically deserted. The two walked up the steps to the third floor.

They stood at George's door and the blonde fumbled for his keys. Eventually unlocking it, George stepped inside. Dream looked at the threshold of the door.

“Invite me inside.” Dream demanded.

George tilted his head. “And what if I don’t?” He stuck his tongue out.

Dream growled. “If you don’t, then I’ll simply wait until you leave again and I’ll kill you myself.”

George thumped his foot in mock thinking. “*Dream*, you may come inside my flat.” Dream walked into the room and crowded George’s personal space. He backed George into the wall with an arm next to his head. Dream towered over him and George remembered how big Dream was. The brunette glanced to the large hand next to his head and felt himself shiver.

“Don’t let any more strangers in your house. It might bite you in the ass later.” He laughed to himself. “I’ll be seeing you.” Dream lazily saluted with two fingers, and at that, he was gone.

#### Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed reading!! Kudos and comments always make my day and motivate me to write more.

Feel free to leave any questions you might have below, or, you can reach out to me on Twitter

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

## Missing in Action

### Chapter Notes

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The distant telephones in his office seemed to ring endlessly. George spared an exasperated glance to the stacks of files on his desk, and then stared at his keyboard. He leaned back on his chair and rubbed his eyes. *A week. It had been a full week since he had seen Dream.* George checked his cellphone for the third time in the last fifteen minutes.

He wasn't all too sure what he was looking for. It wasn't as though Dream had his number. They also hadn't agreed to any terms. George growled to himself quietly in annoyance. Did Dream even want to see him? Wasn't he supposed to be protecting him?

George would never admit it out loud, but he had been itching to touch Dream again. It was as though his entire body was aching just to be in close proximity again.

He almost wondered if it had just been one big hallucination. Dream felt so *real* though. It couldn't have been his imagination.

He wanted to have another taste of the intimidating yet safe energy the masked man put off. He wanted *Dream*.

He thought back to the large hands that so easily restrained him and held his throat. George swallowed and let out a shaky breath. *He was at work. He needed to focus.* The brunette stared at his monitor again, he typed out a code and huffed to himself. It wasn't *fair*. He felt as though his body was going through withdrawals. He didn't know what Dream looked like, nor did he even know the man's real name. There wasn't any way for George to reach him and that thought kept gnawing at him.

George's gaze flicked down to the digital clock on the corner of his screen. *11:56 PM.* It was already late. He wasn't getting anywhere with his progress, thoughts *elsewhere*. Fine. If George couldn't go to Dream, he'd make Dream come to him.

He saved his work and shut down the monitor. George reorganized his desk, dialed the company's number to clock out, gathered his house keys, and left. Determined to find the man that had been plaguing his thoughts for the past week.

He walked to the bar that the two had met in. George scoped the outskirts of the building. The flashing lights and bouncing music only annoyed him, he already had a developing headache from staring at his computer monitor all day. He abandoned finding Dream at the bar and continued to walk down the street. He knew he was only getting further from his home, but he didn't care. Dream had to be somewhere.

Who did Dream think he was anyway? Cocky attitude and stupid white mask. Had George even crossed the blonde's mind? It pissed him off that Dream hadn't left his head, and yet he probably hadn't even spared George a single thought.

A loud *thud* in the alleyway next to him made him jump, and shattered George's trail of thoughts. He looked around, and with a sinking feeling, George realized he hadn't the slightest idea where he was. He had somehow managed to not only get lost, but he also wandered to a practically desolate area. It was eerily silent on the streets.

George pulled out his phone for the time and realized it was quarter 'til 1 AM. *Where had the time gone?*

He couldn't tell if it was paranoia or the sleep deprivation, but George swore he could feel someone watching him. Thankfully, the street was still well lit, but it wouldn't do him any good if there wasn't around anyone to help. George swallowed nervously. His eyes were playing tricks on him, shadows teased him. He wanted to walk back the direction he came but didn't feel safe turning his back to the loud noise that had happened just before.

With shaky steps, he walked backwards, eyes focused on the dark alley. His skin crawled and a rather cold breeze made him shiver. *He felt so exposed*. The creeping feeling of eyes following his every step didn't ease. He took another step back.

Right into someone's chest.

George yelped and sucked in a sharp breath. A large hand gently covered his mouth, and George felt hot breaths on his neck. *He'd know this intensity anywhere.*

“You’ve wandered pretty far from home, *Georgie*. ” The deep voice he’d been so desperately craving whispered, a slight warning in his tone. Warm breath tickled at the nape of his neck. George arched back and pressed closer to Dream; tilting his head to the side to give Dream more access. The insatiable itch under his skin finally relieved. The hand uncovered his mouth and trailed down George’s side, possessively landing at his hip.

“It isn’t like you to play with your food, Dream.” Strong arms wrapped around George’s waist as a baritone voice spoke from the shadows. George shrunk against Dream.

“Yet, how terribly like you to be in my business.” Dream scoffed.

The man took a step into the light and George noticed the pig mask covering his face. *What was up with these people and their ominous masks?* Techno, as Dream called him, had waist length pink hair. He was wearing a king’s robe. George thought he looked ridiculous but couldn’t ignore the malicious energy radiating off of him. It was very different from Dream’s aura.

*Did Dream finally reappear because this man was dangerous?* He felt safe in Dream’s hold, surrounded by the warm and protective energy buzzing around him.

George could feel Techno’s scrutinizing gaze. “What is he, your toy?”

Dream didn’t respond. Techno tilted his head.

“You’ve grown soft.” The man with the pig mask chuckled out.

“I never thought I’d see the day that you finally had a weakness. Such a vulnerable and pathetic mortal too.” Techno took another step closer. The air was thick enough to slice, the two energies fought for dominance.

Another step.

George felt like he could gag on the tense atmosphere.

“*It will be fun to tear him from you.* ”

Then the two were alone.

Dream let out a steady breath, seemingly trying to calm his anger. A tan hand viced around his wrist and George felt his gaze lock with the eyes of the mask. The blonde pulled him back toward the direction he came.

George stumbled over his own feet, Dream's strides longer than his own.

"D-dream!" George gasped as he nearly tripped again.

"*George.*"

The strict tone made George pout, but nonetheless he stopped talking. He didn't understand why *he* was the one being scolded. Dream was the one that disappeared for a week. The blonde didn't have any reason to be upset with him.

George probably shouldn't have gotten lost so late at night. Still though, he found Dream. All in all, his mission was a success. If all George had to do to make Dream come to him was put himself in danger, *he found he really didn't mind.*

Dream took a sharp turn into an alley and George winced. The bruising grip on his wrist finally relaxed as Dream dropped his hand. George cradled his arm and jutted out his bottom lip in a pout. The blonde stepped closer and George took a step back, now against a dirty dumpster.

"What the *fuck* were you thinking??" Dream growled.

George wrapped his arms around himself in comfort and glanced at the taller man above him.

"I just wanted to see you again." He whined.

"He would have *killed* you. And if he catches you when I'm not around, he won't hesitate to

take your life.”

George looked at the ground.

“It’s your fault I was out that far anyway.” George huffed out.

“What?” Dream hissed through clenched teeth. “It was *MY* fault? You’re fucking lucky I was there to save your sorry ass.” He seethed in hushed tones.

“Well if you hadn’t disappeared for a whole week then I wouldn’t have had to go looking for you! I thought you were supposed to be protecting me, not *avoiding* me.” George bit out, voice rising in frustration.

Dream’s hand shot to George’s throat and he towered over the brunette. He leaned down to George’s level, and George swallowed in anticipation.

“I *have* been protecting you, you ungrateful brat. I’ve masked your presence and made you blend in with the crowds. I’m keeping you safe by keeping my distance. The other vampires can’t pinpoint you if my presence is louder.”

George could feel his heartbeat in his ears. Despite the clear power advantage Dream held over him right now, he found himself wanting to push the masked man further. Test his limits. He wanted to see Dream snap.

“Techno still found me.” George rolled his eyes. “You must not be doing a very good job.”

“*Techno-*,” Dream bit out, as his hand slightly tightened around George’s neck, “Is a coordinate vampire, he should have just ignored you.” George shivered in anticipation and heat swirled in the pit of his stomach.

The intoxicatingly beautiful man that plagued George’s every thought froze. George watched Dream inhale slowly.

The blonde leaned toward George’s ear, and in a low, murky voice, he whispered. “*You’re*

*enjoying this, aren't you?"* Dream gave a quick, but still tender squeeze. George arched up and a pathetic noise left his lips.

"I'll be damned." Dream chuckled. "You're just a little whore, aren't you? Do you like being punished, *Georgie*?"

George's knees buckled, Dream easily held his weight. The brunette panted in Dream's ear. The thrill of being able to touch Dream again after fantasizing about him for a full week was exhilarating.

Before George could miss the dangerous hand that left his neck, Dream's hands trailed to the back of his thighs and scooped him up. He wrapped his legs around the vampire's hips and completely embraced the close proximity. He could feel Dream all around, and it was *exhilarating*. George moved his hands up to Dream's broad shoulders and his hands enveloped each other behind the blonde's neck.

Dream pressed George against the dumpster and propped him up. The taller left a gentle kiss under George's ear and then kissed with more fervor down his neck. Mid-kiss, he spoke, words muffled against George's neck.

"Do you have a thing for getting fucked in dark alleyways or are you just willing to take it anywhere you can get it?" Another kiss.

George groaned and bared his neck, allowing Dream more access.

"O-only if it's with youU— AH." Dream lightly nipped a particularly sensitive area.

Dream hummed against his neck.

"*Only me?*"

George's head was spinning. Without the alcohol in his system, he could appreciate every detail that was *Dream*. Dream's natural scent completely encompassed him, a faint smell of burned wood and leaves. It was so addictive, George found he wanted it to be the first thing he smelled every morning. He wanted the kind and tender kisses. The raw strength that Dream carried everywhere he went.

He wanted Dream.

And that was the exact moment George realized he was so, utterly, and royally—

*Screwed.*

“Only yours.”

#### Chapter End Notes

Hello! I hope you enjoyed this chapter, I wasn't expecting to get this out so soon.

Feel free to add me on Twitter!! [@meri\\_wether](https://twitter.com/meri_wether)

Thank you all for the lovely comments!! They genuinely make me motivated to write more. I love answering questions, and I love you all!!

## **Playing with his food**

### Chapter Summary

the chapter starts four days previous, and then switches back to present  
\*\*SMUT AHEAD\*\*

### Chapter Notes

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was surprisingly difficult to keep alive. Of course it'd be just his luck that he would get attached to a man practically begging for death. The frail man always walked alone. He didn't drive. He got off from his coding job around midnight every weekday.

Dream had been observing George for about three days now. The pretty man had a very easy pattern every day.

*Wake up.*

*Walk to work.*

*Be completely oblivious to the danger around every corner.*

*Take a lunch break at 5PM.*

*Walk alone to the cafe two buildings away.*

*Go back to work.*

*Walk home, in complete darkness.*

*Go to bed.*

Clay's favorite thing to observe was George's not-at-all-subtle glances into the dark corners of the street. It always made him smirk.

He knew George was looking for him. The brunette didn't even try to hide it either. It was kind of cute.

The lower vampires were always watching George too. Clay kept enough distance between himself and George so that George wouldn't feel him, but still close enough to mask the oblivious man's presence.

The smart ones would stay away, they knew their places. The *stupid* ones, however, would be taken care of when George was either at work, or sleeping safely in his apartment.

He would only hunt in the darkness, *after hours*. George wasn't in danger in the comfort of his own home. This was his only time to feed from unsuspecting victims.

The only issue with his newfound obsession, was that George's blood made everyone else's taste soiled. It was enough to *feed* him, but never enough to satiate the hunger the smaller man exposed him to.

George always walked face first into danger. He was certainly amusing to watch. Dream enjoyed watching him fume. The brunette always ended up walking by the bar that the two had met at. Despite it being out of his way to get back home. When George didn't find him, he always walked away with a pout.

He was just desperate enough to walk through completely unlit streets and different dark paths.

*How cute.*

---

Today was just like the others. The same routine. The same path to his work. The same cafe lunch break. The same order.

However, today, George walked out of his office building with a *mission*. He walked with clear determination in his step.

Dream raised an eyebrow in amusement. George's dangerous antics to find him had only heightened as the week passed. He had the strong feeling George was going to do something stupid tonight.

The masked man followed George by the rooftops.

He was surprised when George marched passed the bar, but Dream didn't miss George's quick skim of the area.

He stepped further into a more rural area of the city.

He knew George had to be tired. He had already worked all day long. Now he had wandered off in the middle of the night. Clay was sure it was nearing 1 AM.

This wasn't good.

He wouldn't be able to blend George in with the other people if there wasn't anyone else around.

George would only stick out like a sore thumb.

Clay was about to call a quits to their one-sided game out of pity to get George to go back home.

Then he sensed him.

Dream's mood automatically soured.

*Fucking Technoblade.*

Just his luck. His suicidal human had gone and wandered right into Techno's territory. If it had been literally ANY other coordinate, they wouldn't have looked twice at George.

The two had always had an intense rivalry. The lower vampires had always gossiped about which one would beat the other in a fight.

He knew Techno wouldn't just let this go.

Clay ran his hand through his blonde hair and let out a harsh sigh in annoyance.

He slipped down to the sidewalk. Technoblade would have sensed Dream at the same time, he already knew he was there. He could feel Techno watching George. Unfortunately for Clay, Technoblade wasn't an idiot.

He would be able to tell that George was marked. Even more so, he would know that George was a vulnerability.

George was still as oblivious as ever. As if to make his presence known, Techno slammed the lid of a dumpster, most likely, with a loud bang.

Suddenly, George looked much smaller. This was the most afraid Clay had seen him. Only then did the brunette seem to realize how far away from home he had wandered. He watched George shakily pull out his phone, seemingly to check the time.

His human shrunk in on himself, Dream could smell the deep and uneasy fear that had settled into the man. His heartbeat increased.

George stepped back toward Clay, and he noticed George's protective stance.

Dream stepped closer, edging toward George. He felt the almost overwhelming urge to

*protect .*

As George took another step backward, Dream quickly grabbed him. George let out a surprised and panicked gasp, Clay covered his mouth. The close proximity to George had his head swimming. Another benefit to keeping his distance was that George's scent was muted.

Now, he was consumed by George. Clay was whipped. George had him wrapped around his finger and didn't even know it.

The blonde protectively inhaled at the juncture of George's neck. George relaxed against his touch.

*“ You've wandered pretty far from home, Georgie.”*

He protectively wrapped his arms around George's small hips. He held him close, ready to grab him and escape if things got ugly.

George pressed even closer against him. The human pressed his ass against Dream's hips and squirmed. In submission, George bared his neck to him. The brunette's message was painfully clear, but now wasn't the time. Clay bit his tongue in an attempt to hold his composure. He wouldn't allow Techno to see how very *weak* George made him.

Technoblade finally decided to speak up.

“It isn't like you to play with your food, Dream.”

George froze against him and it made Clay's dead heart wrench.

Dream rolled his eyes in irritation as Techno stepped into the light. The pig man seriously pissed him off.

“And yet, how terribly like you to be in my business.”

Clay held a stern gaze. He tuned out the rest of Techno's attempts to taunt him. George was safe right now, and he held Clay's primary focus.

Clay continued to ignore the pig man, knowing that his lack of response would annoy him. He reviled in the satisfied smugness it brought him. Techno's last comment made Clay snap back to focus.

"I can't wait to tear him from you."

Then he had the nerve to vanish. What an annoying bastard. Clay could feel the anger bubbling inside him. He didn't want to explode. Not when George was still in the middle of the city, exposed and vulnerable. He forced out a long breath to try to dampen the sizzling frustration and possessiveness.

He grabbed George's wrist and the brunette looked stunned. He watched a pout cross his expression as Dream pulled George somewhere safer.

He had only intended to scold George for constantly putting himself in deadly situations.

He had expected George to be a brat.

However, he hadn't considered that George would *enjoy* it.

Once the wave of arousal from George hit his senses, he found his self restraint slipping even further. Dream's fangs started to form. The blonde placed careful kisses on George's neck. If he let himself slip, he could very quickly lose himself in George.

His human smelled wonderful. Dream wasn't sure when he had started referring to George as *his*, but he certainly wasn't going to share. Dream definitely belonged to George, *even if the blonde wasn't aware*. The fragile human had completely enraptured him.

George, cornered between Dream and the cold dumpster, *whined* in his ear. All of his senses were entirely hyper focused on his precious human. Every little noise and gasp he tried to hide. His thighs wrapped around Dream's hips. Clay found he couldn't deny the smaller man. When George swore himself to Dream, his entire world shifted.

“Only mine?”

“*All yours.*” The sincerity in George’s voice ate at Clay’s composure.

George, completely at his mercy. *George.*

*Dream wanted to devour him .*

And George wanted to be consumed.

Clay shifted George’s weight off of the trashcan and easily rebalanced.

Dream whispered in George’s ear, in a dark tone. “I’m going to make one *hell* of a feast out of you.”

The blonde focused his energy around himself and George, and then, in a flash, the two were on George’s balcony.

Dream pressed George against the glass door and the brit breathily moaned. His breathing was ragged and shaky. George seemed to focus on their surroundings and only then realized they weren’t still in the secluded alleyway.

He buried his face in Dream’s chest and held onto the front of his shirt, attempting to hide himself. “*Dreeeam!*” George whined in a small and embarrassed voice. “Someone might hear us!” Clay didn’t see much of a problem. It would show George’s neighbors who the brunette belonged to. *However.* Dream didn’t want to share his humans private noises with anyone else.

“*Let’s go inside.* Unlock your door.”

George mumbled something into Dream’s chest.

“What did you say baby?” The pet name slipped out. The only implication that George even heard it was his heart skipping a beat in Dream’s ears.

A little louder, George pouted out. “It’s already unlocked.”

“ *Why?*”

George groaned quietly. “Why do you think? Who the fuck *else* is going to come on my balcony? *I live on the third floor!*” He hit his head on Dream’s chest with a dramatic and exasperated ‘hmmph’.

Dream chuckled.

“ *Aww, George.* ” He teased, opened the sliding glass door, and carried George to the bed. Dream threw George on the mattress and heard him let out a small squeak of surprise. The brunette bounced on impact and looked up at Dream in a petulant manner. Eyebrows furrowed, but his jutted out lip only made Clay want to *bite* it.

Dream toed his shoes off and then moved to George’s. He slowly untied the black converse’s laces.

“Come *on* Dream!” The brunette threw his head back and whined impatiently.

He chuckled and took the shoes off of the grousing man.

“Don’t be bossy.”

Clay shifted onto the bed. He lifted George’s hips and settled in between his thin legs. Greedily, George pressed Dream closer to him with his legs wrenched around the blonde. Clay rubbed his hands over and under the thighs before him.

Dream leaned over George, and his hands trailed up the slim torso. The constant heartbeat thudding in his head was pleasantly entralling. The only thing on his mind was *George*.

George was so pliable under his touch. He reviled in the way that the man arched up to his touch, desperate for more.

“Take your shirt off.” Dream commanded. With pinkened cheeks, George nodded obediently.

Nimble pale fingers tried to unbutton his white shirt as quickly as possible. Dream observed hungrily. George peeled his dress shirt off of his torso and Dream feasted his eyes upon the smooth expanse of the exposed flesh. He wanted to mark George’s flawless skin. The thought of purple bruises littering the unblemished area made Clay lick his lips.

His fangs *ached*. Dream’s instincts screamed at him to tear George’s pretty little throat out. His body pined for a violent blood bath.

Brain buzzing, he forced himself to focus. George stared at him with his doe-like brown eyes. He looked so small. Dream placed a large tanned hand overtop George’s rising and falling chest. He heard the brunette swallow, and then he looked back up to meet the lust blown eyes.

Only to find complete trust just beneath the surface. It startled him.

Dream snaked his unoccupied hand to grab George’s wrist. He brought the smaller hand close to his mouth. Clay held it at the pulse, and turned his pale hand so the palm was facing up, George’s fingers curled naturally.

Clay tongued at the meaty part of the palm, just under his thumb. His eyes never left George’s, scanning for any sign of discomfort. He teasingly and cautiously nipped the area, only a slight pinch. He watched as goosebumps trailed up George’s thin arm. The human shivered beneath him.

In an act of mercy, he inquired darkly. “Do you want me to use pheromones? It will numb the pain, but you might feel it in the morning.”

George shook his head. “No, I want to *feel* you.”

“Alright then. In that case, we should come up with a safeword. Are you familiar with the stoplight system?”

George quickly nodded his head.

“Good. Green for go, yellow for slow down, and red for stop. If you can’t speak, two taps for yellow, and three for red. Got it?”

George nodded again, more frantically this time.

The blonde licked once more at his hand.

“Color?”

“G-green. Very very green.”

Clay smiled. “Good boy.”

Dream placed an open mouthed kiss under his thumb, and stared into George’s eyes as he bit down. The hand that had been covering the pale chest moved to pinch one of George’s beady nipples.

“ *OoHhOoohhhhh shiiit*—“ George hissed out and closed his eyes. His breathing was getting heavier, more frantic. George had started rolling his hips very slowly, every so often grinding his ass right against Clay’s half hard cock.

Dream groaned as the blood reached his mouth. His mouth watered as he savored the taste on his tongue. Everything else in his long life was bland and colorless compared to this moment. *This taste .*

As blood continued to flood into his mouth, he lapped it up. Keeping George alive took the entirety of his focus, and *then* some. He had to make sure he didn’t take too much, too soon. The constant but slow grinding only blurred his focus further.

“Please,” George begged through his heated panting. “I just know you’re huge. I can take it. Dream *please*. ” He continued rolling his hips, trying to send Clay teetering over the edge of restraint.

“Stop it,” he ordered through clenched teeth. His free hand gripped George’s waist with a pressure that was as needy as it was suppressive, bringing their bodies closer.

George whined at the lack of friction. Clay had to restrain himself, and stop the seeping blood coming out of the wound. He couldn’t let himself get carried away. He traced the bleeding indentations from his fangs and leaned back with a heedy exhale.

The rich taste was truly like no other. It rejuvenated him. It would never be enough, but it certainly kept him coming back for more.

George was being good. He stopped moving his hips, and sat still. Though, he still had a pout on his face. Clay licked the remaining blood from his fangs.

Clay unbuckled George’s leather belt and threw it to the side somewhere. He watched George’s pink face as he unbuttoned the tight jeans and pulled them down. The eager man wiggled out of them and the jeans were also discarded somewhere in the room.

“Where is your lube?” George shakily reached into the bedside table next to them and opened the top drawer. He grabbed the bottle and practically threw it at Dream. Clay caught it with ease and laughed at his human’s desperation.

Dream cupped George’s hard tent through his boxers. Clay marveled at the immediate reaction the brunette let out. A high pitched groan, rich music to Clay’s ears. His finger hooked under the boxers and yanked them down.

George’s erect dick sprung up and he let out a breath he had been holding in.

Dream opened the bottle with a *snap* that echoed through the small room. He poured the clear liquid onto his fingers, coating them thoroughly. He loved the way the doe-like eyes followed his every move.

With a single finger, he circled the ring of George's ass, and then slowly pressed his index finger inside. George melted against him. The brown eyes closed again and Clay immediately missed the attention. *He'd just have to get it back then.* He started to slowly thrust his finger into the smaller man.

Dream lifted George's exposed right leg up and onto his shoulder. He was impressed by the brunette's flexibility. He made a note to test his limits later. Clay added a second lubed finger and started a scissoring motion to loosen George up. *He would definitely need it.*

The blood pulsing in George's thigh was impossible to ignore. He placed a kiss to his inner thigh and bit down just as he found the spot he had been looking for.

George fucking screamed. Dream found he adored the sound of it. The most raw expression of ecstasy painted on the brunette's face. Smaller hands had found their spot in Dream's blonde hair. Clay continued thrusting his fingers into the almond shaped spot as blood gushed into his mouth. The blood flow here was much less controlled and he felt blood drip down his chin.

Dream added a third finger and continued listening to George's choked and guttural noises of intense pleasure. George's blood sent Dream spiraling. He focused intently on the flushed cheeks, and beating heartbeat in his ear. The heavier flow of blood made it harder to measure when he had to stop. He could feel his own dead heart stutter as George's blood revved through his veins. He was almost shaking with barely contained intense energy.

He hadn't felt this alive in *centuries*. He forced his tongue to trace the gaping wound to heal it. If he went much further, George would pass out. He pulled back and noticed the now blood-stained sheets. Internally, Clay grimaced at the wasted blood. He used his clean hand to wipe his face, to his pleasure, George's eyes were back on him. Dream grinned and licked his bloodied fingers.

Dream felt as though George was stretched enough, he could smell that George was on the edge of an orgasm.

George let out a plaintive cry as Dream removed his fingers. The hands in his hair tightened as he swore.

"I swear to fucking god if you don't fuck me *right now* —," he was cut off by the unzipping of Dream's jeans.

“We need to get that attitude of yours in check.” Dream slipped his length out of his jeans and lined it up with George’s hole. He held down the brunette’s hips with both of his hands.

“Just what *will* you do, Georgie? If I just left you here, sobbing and aching for me. You are powerless against me.” Dream growled in George’s face.

George let out a choked and needy gasp.

“Oh *fuck*. You’re s-so hot it’s literally unfair.” The brunette groaned and closed the distance between them with a desperate kiss. He held Dream’s face in his petite hands. They kissed fervently and George pulled back to gasp for air.

“*Please fuck me.*” He pleaded against Clay’s mouth. Dream grinned, and plunged himself into George. He closed his mouth over the brunette’s and swallowed the passionate scream he let out. The tight heat around his dick consumed him completely. The smell of fresh blood and arousal flooded his senses. It was too much and not enough at the same time.

He needed to give George time to adjust. Even if he welcomed the roughness, he could easily shatter George within his grasp. *Anything but that.*

His human shuttered out a high pitched breath. “*God damn . You are fucking huge.*” George took a deep breath back in. “Just one second.”

Dream obeyed. He rubbed circles into George’s probably bruised hips. He would wait as long as George needed to adjust to his size. He watched the smaller man take a ragged breath back in and out again. Sharp brown eyes met green, masked ones.

“*Move.*”

And Dream did. He thrusted into the tight and welcoming warmth. George let out another loud moan and then captured Clay back into a heated kiss. Dream fucked into George’s prostate relentlessly.

He swallowed all of George’s high pitched noises. Minutes passed like that. The bed thumped rhythmically against the wall. One of George’s hands left his hair and settled on Dream’s shoulder for leverage. He dug his nails into the skin unintentionally.

Dream lifted both of George's legs up to his shoulders to test his agility. *George passed with flying colors*. He could hit deeper in his thrusts with the new angle. George cried out in pleasure. He could smell George getting close, and he felt himself nearing his climax as well.

In a fit of passion, George nicked his tongue on one of Clay's fangs. He sealed it quickly.

"Sorry." Dream laughed in apology, his forehead pressed to George's.

George exhaled a soft chuckle.

"It's okay."

He placed kisses on George in time with his thrusts.

One on the side of his mouth. One just under his jaw. One on his upper neck. And a final kiss between the juncture of George's shoulder and his throat. Just as George neared the last few seconds before he came, Clay bit down.

George let out a guttural scream underneath him as he climaxed. As blood trickled into his mouth, he rode George's orgasm out. A couple more thrusts, and he was finishing inside of his human.

Dream lazily lapped at the bloody lesion on George's neck. He inhaled contentedly and leaned back to admire the wound healing. George heartily and gently laughed, then cupped Clay's masked face. The vampire collapsed next to him.

"Are you full?" George asked with so much *love* in his expression that Dream was completely stunned.

"What?" He genuinely questioned.

"Did you get enough blood?" George looked at him with so much concern. Clay felt his

once again beating heart swell. He felt warm with George's blood coursing through his usually cold veins. He felt genuinely satiated. He was still riding his high from his orgasm as well.

"Yes."

Dream perched himself up, and he placed a soft kiss to George's lips. The blonde moved to get off the bed, but two nimble hands trapped at his elbow. He turned around to see George looking nearly broken. The only thing in his eyes now was easily shatterable vulnerability.

"Dream! Please stay ." George begged. Clay felt his expression soften. He held a hand out to cup his human's flushed cheek.

"I wasn't going to leave. I'll be right back, I promise." George visibly hesitated before he let go of Clay's arm.

True to his word, he returned with a warm, dampened washcloth and a glass of water. He had already cleaned himself up, and zipped his pants. Dream handed George the cold glass of water and watched him down it. The blonde cleaned up the wasted blood near his thigh, and wiped clean the milky fluid that covered George's legs and stomach.

Clay flicked the now soiled washcloth into the dirty clothing hamper on the corner of George's room.

The brunette let out a sleepy yawn and Dream watched his eyelids become heavier. The vampire sat up right on the bed, and George cuddled sleepily into his lap. Clay placed a hand on George's head and gently rubbed comforting circles onto his scalp. He listened as his human drifted peacefully to sleep.

#### Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!! Comments and kudos always make my day and motivate me to write more chapters. Thank you all for reading, I'm excited to see what you all think of this one.

You can contact me on my twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

## A Meal for Two

### Chapter Notes

Hello!!

I would like to start by saying THANK YOU for 500 kudos!! You are all insane. I love you.

I apologize that this chapter took so long to get out, school has been kicking my ass. I made this chapter longer to make up for it :)) I hope you all enjoy.

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George slowly woke up due to the soft but persistent pitter-patter of rain on his patio. He was cold, and his bed felt too still. Too empty.

He reluctantly opened an eye, hoping that Dream hadn't actually left.

To his disappointment, his vampire was nowhere to be found.

He sighed and tried to smother the sinking feeling in his chest. Just beneath his skin, in the places Dream had bitten him the night prior, he could feel the insatiable itch return.

The itch was stronger than it had been for the past week. Dream had taken more blood this time, and George could *definitely* feel the after-effects of it. George stared at his hand, clenching and unclenching it. The prickling under his skin made him frown to himself.

George suspected that the tingling itch was supposed to feel pleasurable, but it only reminded him that Dream *wasn't there*.

With more effort than usual, he moved to sit up on his bed. He winced at the sharp pain that shot through his body. Bittersweet arousal flickered in the pits of his gut. He thought back to the way Dream kissed him and the sharp pleasure that electrified his body when the blonde would sink his sharp teeth into him. The feeling was so *intimate*.

He rubbed his hands over his tired face in exasperation. Clearing his throat with a slight rasp, he realized how dry his mouth was. The raw screams Dream had ripped out of him left his voice

worn. George peeked over to his desk next to his bed and groaned to himself, his water was empty. *How fitting.*

Shakily and slowly, George threw both of his legs over the side of the bed and stood. His entire body ached. He had a pleasurable limp in his step as he searched for some type of apparel to keep himself warm. His eyes landed upon a worn down, gray, oversized shirt. George slipped it over his head and shuffled on some clean boxers. Thankfully, it was only Saturday. He still had another day to dwell in his lonely aching.

George staggered to the bathroom right next to his room. He cautiously flicked on the light, and was taken aback by his reflection. He tilted his head to the side and his face warmed as he noticed his neck was riddled with dark purple and red bruises.

*Dream hadn't left bruises last time .*

The pleased arousal fought with the harsh coldness he had been feeling. George bit his lip, trying to hide his satisfied smile. He lifted his baggy shirt that draped over his thighs.

George sucked in a light breath and held it as he marveled at the darkened bruises around his hips. Memories of large and powerful hands reentered his thoughts. At least he had proof this time. When the bites heal, he is left without any proof that Dream wasn't just in his imagination. His legs were sore, and they wobbled, threatening to give out under his weight.

Dream was such an enigma. George was completely consumed by him. The mysterious mask and the *fake name* .

*'I suppose you'll just have to earn my real name then, won't you?'*

Dream's voice taunted his thoughts. George brushed his teeth and pondered to himself. He wondered what his...lover's(?) real name was. He paused his brushing. *What were he and Dream now, anyway?*

George spit and rinsed his mouth. He washed the cup with the tap water, and then filled it back up. George gulped down the cold water and let out a refreshed breath. He could feel the fresh contrast against his dry throat. Once he finished his cup, George wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and then dried it on his shirt.

He turned the water back on, and kept it running as he brought the cup to his mouth again. A small noise outside caught his attention. George was about to brush it off, but even despite himself, he cranked the faucet off and abandoned his cup on the marble countertop.

Curious footsteps brought George back into his bedroom. He peered through his door and happily gasped.

None other than *Dream* himself stood on his balcony and slid his glass door open. The blonde frowned at him.

“*George!*” Dream almost whined. “What are you doing up already?”

Said man was still shocked. “You came *back?*”

It felt almost too good to be true. George’s body moved on its own as he ran to embrace Dream in an ecstatic hug. The blonde froze against him and kept his hands up awkwardly. Then, slowly, a strong arm embraced him back. Dream’s other hand ran softly through George’s hair. The vampire chuckled lowly and he felt it reverberate against him.

“Are you *limping?*” Obvious pride seeped through his words.

Contrary to his dirty question, Dream rubbed sweet and comforting circles into George’s scalp. Once again encased with the burning timber smell, and wrapped in a warm embrace, he knew this was exactly where he was supposed to be. *Safe*. In Dream’s protective arms.

He wanted to feel embarrassed, but he was bubbling love instead.

George separated himself just enough to look up to the eyes of the smiley mask.

“Oh fuck *off*.” He beamed. Dream gently brushed the brunette locks out of George’s face, and leaned down to kiss his forehead. George felt him inhale and his heart threatened to burst out of his chest.

“I made you food.” The blonde spoke into his hair.

As if on cue, George felt his stomach gurgle in hunger. Dream's hand left his hair as he reached to the side, picking up a container and a sealed cup off of George's television stand.

George hooked his fingers into Dream's belt loops and pulled him towards the bed.

The darkened room from the early morning felt so domestic. George plopped down with a small flicker of pain. He sat criss-crossed on his mattress. Dream only put half of his weight on the bed, and let his other leg hang off the side.

First, Dream handed him the cup and George took it excitedly. He snapped the lid open and sniffed at the opening. *Orange Juice?* He looked back up to smile at Dream but the man just looked...nervous?

"I squeezed the oranges myself, I didn't want you consuming any of the byproducts or the other shit they put in to preserve it." Dream rubbed the back of his neck and looked to the side with a sheepish grin. George took a mental note that Dreams canines were dulled. "Sapnap said that oranges are good for vitamin D and it's good for your iron levels?"

George was completely taken aback. He hadn't expected such a soft and domestic gesture from his murderous vampire. To put it lightly, his heart wouldn't stop fluttering.

"Thank you, Dream." George took a sip to try and hide his beaming smile. The citrus hit his tongue and he could already feel his blood sugar praising him. "It's *good!* Much better than store-bought!"

The vampire looked embarrassed and pleased. "I'm happy that you like it, Georgie." The blonde opened the container with a *pop* and George was hit with a mouthwatering smell.

"Dream that smells good! What is it?" George reached out with grabby hands. Dream handed it to him and the container warmed his hands. There was a plastic fork placed neatly inside.

George was used to one-night stands. No one, even his past partners, had prepared a meal for him after sex. His heart soared as he looked over the contents.

“It’s brown rice, black beans, and ground beef. I don’t exactly—“ Dream paused hesitantly, “*eat* human food. I’ve never had a reason to prepare it. Sapnap told me that the brown rice is better for replenishing blood cells than whites milled rice. Apparently it has more flavor too? The black beans were the best pick, and the beef is a red meat—or so he told me. I guess that’s good for humans, and—“ George cut off Dream’s nervous rambling with a soft laugh.

“I love it. I’m sure it will be delicious, I can’t believe you made food for me.” He scooped each part up with his plastic fork and brought it to his mouth. George moaned at the mix of flavors on his tongue.

“Holy fuck Dream. This is so *good!*” He took another bite and he could feel his insides warming back up.

Dream smiled and spoke in a quiet voice. “If you didn’t like it I would’ve told you to blame Sapnap. When I was cooking it at his place, he begged me to make extra for him.” The takeout he had been eating for the past couple months paled in comparison.

*When was the last time he had eaten a home cooked meal?*

He wasn’t sure who this ‘Sapnap’ character was, but he figured it was probably one of Dream’s friends.

As much as George *loved* Dream’s rough and intimidating side, he felt lucky to be able to witness this soft and vulnerable side, too.

George took another bite and washed it down with the orange juice. He had expected the orange not to mix well with the other flavors, but it refreshed his pallet. When he took another bite, it was as if he was tasting it for the first time.

The itch beneath his skin reared back up and George shifted his thighs together to attempt to smother it. Dream choked and attempted to cover the sputter up with a strained cough. George blinked up at him. It was like the morning after they met.

George was about to ask if the blonde was okay, but Dream’s large hand came between George’s thighs, halting his movements.

“Don’t do that.” Dream growled.

A pathetic sound left his lips as Dream’s strong fingers pressed down onto the bite mark.

“*Dream*, oh my god. Why not?” George tried to keep his voice steady, but it definitely raised an octave. His thoughts blurred, brain fuzzy as pressure was applied to the already sensitive area. An electric heat shot through his body.

“When you rub your bite marks, my saliva reactivates the scent glands and makes me want to *finish* what I started.” Dream hissed out dangerously.

Dark arousal made George’s breath catch in his throat. He couldn’t help but notice that Dream’s fangs were defined now. George licked his lips and something clicked in his mind.

“It makes your fangs come out?” The brunette whispered excitedly. Both of George’s hands trailed down to hold Dream’s hand, and removed it from his upper thigh. If the intense pressure had been left any longer, George thought he could come with that alone.

“Yes. You don’t have any idea what you do to me, George.” The brunette pulled on Dream’s arm and motioned for him to sit up against the head of his bed. The blonde obeyed.

George crawled onto his lap and straddled his hips. Comfortably seated on Dream’s crotch.

“So tell me then.” He dared.

Dream’s tanned hands rest on George’s thin hips. The intimate position felt completely natural between the two.

“You test me every time I see you. My body screams for me to *eat you up*.” Dream teasingly nipped at the air in front of George’s face. “You don’t smell like the other humans, I can barely restrain myself around you.”

Dream brought their faces close, lips a hair’s breadth apart. George looked down at Dream’s mouth, the heated tension between them thick and pleasurable. The brunette licked his lips and

stared at Dream's fangs.

"And yet . Here you sit, on my lap, *begging* to be devoured." Dream's voice lowered and he laughed against George's mouth.

The blonde easily leaned to close the minuscule distance, and pressed his lips to George's. Said man's hands cupped the sides of Dream's masked face and welcomed the short kiss.

George pulled back slightly, just enough to speak just above a whisper.

"*Dream.*"

He whispered back.

"*Yes, George?*"

"*Can I please see your teeth?*"

George thumbed at Dream's pinkened lips and waited for permission. The hushed tones were only for their ears. Dream's hand viced around George's wrist and he could feel the vampire's strict gaze practically burning through the mask.

"Don't do anything stupid. I know how you are, you can't spare to lose any more blood right now." Despite the threat, Dream's hand left his wrist and comfortably rested back on his hip.

Eagerly, George pushed the blonde's lip up with his thumb and felt his dick twitch in interest. The elongated fang was razor sharp, and he wanted Dream to sink them back into his flesh. He also curiously observed that his bottom canines were sharpened as well, though not nearly as defined as the top two.

In defiance, George pressed his thumb to the point of the fang. He was awestruck by how smoothly it punctured his skin. It hurt, but he was far too fascinated by the sharpness of the tooth. George pressed his bleeding thumb to the corner of Dream's mouth and smeared it across his bottom lip. He loved to pull the heated reactions from his lover. It was always fun to see what

would finally make him tick.

Dream let out a thin exhale and George could hear the faint growl beneath it. He watched as Dream's tongue slowly trailed after his bleeding thumb. George pushed his thumb past Dream's lips and pressed down onto the vampire's tongue. He shivered as he felt the room shift. The buzzing electricity radiating off of the man beneath him made George hum to himself in satisfaction.

The intoxicating atmosphere made it far more pleasurable. He felt Dream's tongue flick over his wound and the blonde turned his face away, this removing George's thumb from his mouth. He watched the pink appendage swipe over his lip a second time as Dream turned back to face him.

“You just don’t listen, do you?” Dream fake scolded.

The pad of his thumb tingled as Dream’s saliva sealed it back up.

“How long does my blood stay in your system?” George changed the subject.

“Your blood will run through me for about three days.”

George thought the new piece of information over, and then another question struck him.

“How often do you eat?”

“Daily.”

“How long can you go without eating?”

Dream pondered on this question for a little longer before answering.

“I can go months without eating. However, without human blood flowing in my veins, I’d start to rot.” Dream humored. “It isn’t a pretty sight, I doubt even *you* would find it attractive.”

George shrugged and leaned down into Dream's masked face "I think you might be surprised," George pressed a chaste kiss to Dream's lips. "I'm sure I'd find you compelling in any form you might take."

George softly kissed him again and watched Dream grin, the pointed teeth completely allured him.

"If you don't need to eat every day, then why do you?" George traced two fingers down Dream's defined torso.

"Because *someone*," the hands holding his hips squeezed for emphasis, "likes to put himself in danger every single day. I need to be in top shape or I won't be able to keep up with you, or protect you." The blonde tilted his head. "And for fun."

Rationally, George knew Dream got blood from other people. When he remembered the ecstasy he felt when Dream bit into him, he couldn't help but feel the bitter swell of jealousy inside of him. The selfish part of him wanted Dream all to himself. It wasn't fair that he couldn't have it.

The thought of Dream pinning someone other than himself against a wall hurt more than he would've liked to admit.

*Would Dream kiss their neck and whisper sweet words to them too?*

*Was he even special at all?*

Dream seemed to pick up on the mood change, and rubbed comforting circles into George's hips.

The brunette looked to the side, desperately attempting to mask the tears burning behind his eyes. A bitter question nipped at his heartstrings.

"Do you do this with everyone?"

George tried to keep his voice steady, but his voice betrayed him and cracked anyway. He regretted the words as soon as they left his lips. George braced himself for the harsh reality.

“ *What? No!*” Dream genuinely laughed. “I kill everyone else.”

George blinks down at him. The words shouldn’t comfort him. Really, they shouldn’t. But they *do*.

“Do you promise?”

“Oh I *promise* . I couldn’t imagine trying to keep more than one human alive at once.”

George noticed the hardening bulge beneath his ass and greedily started grinding in slow circles with his hips.

“ *Especially if their sex drive was as high as yours.*” A dark and pleased sigh left Dream’s lips.

George had been told throughout his adult years that he had an insane sex drive. His refractory period was remarkably short, and none of his past partners had been able to keep up. It had even caused some of his relationships to suffer. That was the main reason George had been sticking with one-night stands recently.

*Now that he had an immortal to warm his bed, though...*

George hummed.

“Do you think you’d be able to keep up with me? *Dreamy ?*” George challenged with a cocky glint in his eyes.

Dream’s hands tightened their grip on his hips and grinded George down against him. The deliciously low groan that the blonde let out ignited a flame within George. *He’d take that as a yes*

Last night, Dream hadn't bothered to take his clothes off. *Today*, George would do it for him. He and Dream continued their mutual friction as George unbuttoned Dream's shirt. Once the lime green fabric was out of the way, he could finally see Dream's well defined muscles. As he pulled the fabric off, he could now see his flawlessly structured arms. It was no wonder Dream could so effortlessly pick him up.

George's eyes roved over the tanned abs and he bit his lip. *Dream was so perfect*. Brown eyes slowly trailed down Dream's torso, and noticed the blonde line of hair beneath Dream's hip-line. He snaked his hands downward and mentally mapped out the toned muscles by tracing them with his fingers.

George hooked two fingers between Dream's belt loops for leverage and redirected their grinding. He traced the outline of Dream's clothed dick with his ass and groaned impatiently. *He wanted Dream back inside him*. He was grateful that he hadn't bothered to put pants on this morning.

Small fingers unbuckled Dream's belt and placed it beside them. He unbuttoned and unzipped the dark jeans beneath him. He whined as he tried to pull Dream's pants down, but he couldn't get them off. Dream was laying on the bed and George wasn't strong enough to lift him. He glared dull daggers at Dream as the man laughed under him.

"So *needy*. Be patient." Dream cooed and effortlessly picked George up and temporarily off of him. George pouted but quickly stopped as Dream pulled his jeans down his legs. He basked in the sight. Long and powerful legs. Even his lower body was gallant. He wondered if Dream had to work harder than a mortal man to keep his body so perfect.

As Dream was about to take his boxers down, George grasped onto his forearm to try and make him move faster. George licked his lips as he awaited the reveal beneath the *large* tent in Dream's boxers. He had only gotten a glimpse last night, but as the blonde's cock sprung to life at the release from the fabric, George could finally take it all in.

Dream was *easily* eight and a half inches. He was thick and girthy too. *No wonder he was still sore as fuck*. Not sore enough to stop his mouth from watering at the sight though. He was used to taking dicks *half* of Dream's magnificent size.

George threw off his oversized shirt and slipped his boxers off. He scrambled back on top of Dream and perched on his stomach, he could feel Dream's erect member pressing against his back.

George leaned forward to grab the lube and intentionally brushed his ass against Dream's dick, and let it slide between his cheeks. The masked man exhaled slowly, in a clear act of self-restraint.

"Stop testing me. You're lucky that I'm letting you take control here." Dream growled out and returned his vice of a grip back to George's hips.

George tilted his head but didn't respond. He snapped over the bottle and coated his fingers. He wouldn't need as much preparation, thanks to the previous night, but definitely more than he was used to. His fingers weren't as big as Dream's. It would take longer to stretch himself open.

He pressed a lubricated finger inside of himself and took in a sharp breath. Dream brought his legs up and moved George to lean against his thighs. George added a second finger impatiently. He could feel the electrifyingly powerful energy emanating off of Dream and seeping into his own bones.

Somehow, he felt himself grow even harder. As he worked his fingers inside himself, he could feel Dream grow restless against him.

*"Do you want me to do it?"*

George nodded frantically and praised the gods as Dream lubed his fingers quickly. He pushed two fingers in right away. It would've taken three of George's thinner fingers to grant the stretch he was feeling now. The brunette whimpered as Dream's fingers brushed up inside of him. His blonde added a third finger, continuing to stretch George open. He could tell that Dream was intentionally neglecting his prostate.

George let out a guttural whine and arched back against Dreams cock again.

*"Dreamy I'm stretched . Please, can I ride you? I want you to stuff me until I'm full."* George panted and his flushed cheeks felt like they were burning. *"With your big dick, please. I want you inside. I miss the way you stretched me on your thick cock. Dre—".* The fingers were removed and Dream wiped his fingers on the bed sheets.

"Such dirty words from such a pretty mouth."

George lifted himself up and Dream supported his weight with his grip. Small hands wrapped around Dream's girthy cock to direct it under his hole. George noticed that his fingers couldn't even wrap entirely around the length.

Slowly, *slowly*, George sat and let Dream's dick enter him. The stretch was already a lot, and the head had only just slipped in. George winced and bit his lip, he felt tears prick at the corners of his eyes.

“*Easy, baby. You can take your time.*” Dream reassured him comfortingly.

He had lowered himself down halfway and he felt as though Dream were about to split him in half. It felt different from yesterday. It hurt and the pleasure hadn't come back yet.

“Let me help you. You don't have my saliva sending endorphins throughout your body to numb the pain anymore. I know it hurts, baby. I can help you.”

George felt his pain-fogged brain start to clear. The ache in his bones disappeared. Before he knew it, Dream had slipped all the way in to his hilt. George felt full, completely stuffed. Pleasure wracked in his body and it was exactly what he had been craving. Through half-lidded eyes, George stared at Dream, breathing still ragged and heavy.

“W-what did you do?” George gratefully sputtered out, nearly choking on his own saliva. He placed his forehead against Dream's thin mask, secretly wishing he could break the barrier between them.

“I used pheromones. Not enough to give you after effects though. It helps your body relax.” He kissed the fanged man appreciatively. A silent ‘thank you’. He felt so deeply connected with Dream right now. He decided he wouldn't pass this up for the world. Full of Dream deep inside of him, filling him to the brim. Chests pressed together. Both completely exposed to the other.

He wanted to stay in this moment forever. George laid his head on Dream's shoulder, and placed both hands around his neck. He lifted himself all the way back up until the head of Dream's cock caught on his rim, and then let himself fall all the way back down. Loud gasps escaped from both of them and deep moans filled the air between them.

George raised and lowered himself again, again, *again, and again*. Until he picked up a steady rhythm. George bounced repeatedly on Dream's throbbing dick. He felt his breathing tempo

pick up faster as he impaled himself onto Dream's length each time.

He picked his head back up off of Dream's shoulder and crashed their lips together. As George continued to bob up and down, he bit onto Dream's lip loosely. The vampire groaned and kissed back with just as much fervor.

He felt his lip catch on Dream's fang and blood started to fill his tongue. The blonde's hips jerk as he fucks up into George without warning, forcing a choked out moan from the man's throat. It had mostly been George doing most of the work until now. The pressure building in his gut only intensified, pushing himself closer.

As Dream hungrily devoured George's blood, George lowered one of his hands and pressed it against his stomach. His head spun and he could feel Dream's cock pressing against the wall of his belly. George groaned eagerly and relished in the raw intensity of the moment.

He felt himself growing nearer and nearer to his release. He clenched around Dream and slid back down his thick shaft. His combined thrusts with Dream had George shivering as his vampire fucked up into him. George panted heavily into Dream's mouth.

A drop dribbled down to his chin and Dream licked the stripe and forced his tongue back into George's mouth. He felt the bleeding wound close, but Dream's tongue continued to lap up the excess blood.

After one particularly hard thrust, George was coming onto their stomachs.

Before he could process, Dream was flipping their positions. He continued fucking down into George, burying himself all the way in. He was hitting George's prostate with each calculated thrust. The overstimulation was on the edge of unpleasurable. His refractory period was short, but not *that* short. Before Dream was about to tear him in two, though, Dream was pulling out and he came, spraying George's stomach.

The two panted heavily. George pulled Dream down onto the bed and laid his head on his chest.

George was fucked *out*. He couldn't recall a single other partner that fucked George *so* well that he knocked right out afterward.

He could still feel the pheromones running through his sensitive body. The way the energy prickled at his skin was warm and comforting.

He looked down at himself and shriveled his nose up at the mess they had made.

*They could clean later tonight. Maybe he could even convince Dream to shower with him.*

Before George let his eyes fully close, he softly asked.

“Dream? Have I earned your real name yet?”

Said man softly chuckled.

“It’s Clay.”

*Clay.*

George let sleep consume him, and made sure to hold onto *Clay* extra tight, in hopes of keeping him there.

#### Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos motivate me to write more!! If you have any questions, or just want to chat, come find me on Twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

## The calm before the storm

### Chapter Notes

My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Weeks passed just like that. *Clay* and George learned each other's bodies, memorizing every sensitive spot that sent the other over the edge.

Dream would walk George to, and from his job. At first he had assumed it was a sweet way to protect him, but he soon realized it was more than that. It was in the way Dream's hand would squeeze his shoulder and press closer any time one of his coworkers would greet him on the street. Clay was endearingly possessive. They would spend the rest of the day together, learning little details about one another, *trying new positions*, over all just growing closer.

George learned one night that Dream could make him come without touching him once. Pheromones are a hell of a drug.

He also learned that Clay was *over* two hundred and fifty years old.

*Dream had George's comforter wrapped around them as he softly messed with the brunette curls on the back of George's neck.*

*"Clay? How old are you?" George asked in his sleep muddled state.*

*Dream hummed and took a moment to respond.*

*"Do you want to know how old my body is, or how long I've been alive?"*

*As his head lay on Dream's warm chest, he tried not to let sleep consume him and take away from this moment. George yawned and rubbed his face back into the nook of Dream's arm.*

*“Both.”*

*George let his eyes close but struggled to keep himself conscious. The soothing rumble in Dream’s chest when he spoke definitely didn’t help.*

*“Well. I was born in 1751.” George’s mouth gaped open as he opened his eyes to stare up at Dream.*

*“1751? I can’t believe I’ve had a walking artifact up my ass every night.” George light heartedly joked.*

*The blonde lightly pinched a sensitive spot on George’s neck and made him squirm.*

*“Oh come on now. This ancient artifact keeps up with your high sex drive better than any mortal could.” George couldn’t help but agree with that. He stayed silent and looked up patiently, signaling Dream to continue.*

*“I was technically born a human, though I was very different than you are now. I had a vampire bloodline, and therefore my blood wasn’t appealing to the rest of my kind.”*

*Dream breathed in slowly and then continued.*

*“I was raised in a castle, of sorts, in what is now known as New Orleans. ‘La Nouvelle Orléans’.” George was awestruck as Dream so easily shifted into French.*

*“It was French territory at the time. Once I turned twenty one, I was finally able to embrace my bloodline. I got my first taste of human blood and I stopped aging. My body died, but I learned that if I drank human blood, then I could still pretend that it was my blood making my heart beat, circulating through my veins.”*

*Dream told him about his travels throughout the thirteen colonies. He left the other members of his bloodline and wandered around each new state. He had quickly picked up English, and he was able to blend in everywhere he went.*

*Word of a revolution flooded the gossip on the streets, and Dream knew he couldn't miss out on that.*

*It was practically an 'all you can eat' buffet for him.*

At the time, it had been a lot of information to take in. Dream had truly been around and seen the wonders of America. He hadn't ever had any reason to leave the states though. At least George had one thing over him, his roots were in London.

On the nights that Dream wouldn't feed on him, the blonde would leave to get his fix elsewhere. George tried not to let it bother him. He had to constantly remind himself that Dream couldn't possibly have any other lovers. His one comfort was that Dream was with him almost constantly. His vampire always made sure to be back in bed before George woke up in the morning.

He had also learned that Dream didn't sleep. The thought hadn't even occurred to him until he realized that Clay stayed up all day with him, and managed to stay active all night too. It was no wonder Dream could keep up with him sexually.

This particular morning, Dream and George had just been basking in comfortable silence. They still hadn't put any labels on this '*relationship*' of theirs yet. It was quite unnecessary. George didn't have any friends outside of Dream, and his only family in London had shut him out once he came out as gay. He was content as long as he could have Dream by his side.

Dream finally broke the soft silence, and he smiled down at George laying his head on his clothed stomach.

"There's someone I'd like you to properly meet. He's been bugging me nonstop about meeting you."

George tilted his head.

"Who?"

"An old friend."

The brunette scowled but there wasn't any malice beneath it. He crawled onto Dream's stomach and straddled him. George pulled on Dream's hoodie strings and brought their faces closer.

"Is that all I get?" Large hands fell naturally to secure his hips. George quickly pressed his lips against Dream's, then pulled back, smirking. He knew that Clay would pull him back in for another kiss.

The gentle kisses slowly turned into George lightly rocking his hips against Dream's. The blonde restricted his movements and George pouted. Their lips were still centimeters apart as Dream spoke.

"As much as I'd love to ruin you right now, he's expecting us."

George whined and lightly tugged on the collar of Dream's hoodie.

"Can't it *wait*? It's only three PM."

Dream kissed him again and grinned.

"No, no," he laughed, "Get dressed." The blonde picked George up and off of him and lifted him into the air. The brunette lightly laughed and wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders as he lowered his feet to the ground.

The cold air finally hit him as his toes touched the freezing tiles.

George fake cried into Clay's chest and tried to get him to lift him back up.

"*Clay* it's cold. Warm me up please? We can still get back in bed." He tried in a desperate last attempt. Dream shook his head gently and pressed a kiss to George's hair.

George grumbled petulantly and tiptoed over to his closet. He changed into a fresh pair of

boxers. He didn't bother telling Dream to turn around, they were far past the embarrassment of seeing the other naked.

He huffed and pouted as he slipped on a pair of cuffed jeans. The brunette leaned down to put a pair of socks on, and when he came back up, Dream was pressed to his back. He was pulled even closer as strong arms locked around his torso and Dream buried his face into the side of George's neck.

Dream breathed in deeply and stayed quiet. It felt warm and domestic, but there was also a slight *possessiveness* to it?

George leaned his head back against Dream and soaked in his warmth.

"What is it?" He asked in a soft whisper.

Clay spoke into his shoulder.

"I just can't keep my hands off of you."

George pressed his ass against Dream's hips and rolled them back. "Then *don't*."

He felt Dream's warm tongue lick a stripe up his neck and mouth over his pulse point. Excitement curled in the pit of his stomach and he triumphantly smiled.

Clay's fangs poked against his neck but didn't bite down, seemingly asking for permission. The air got thicker and George's breathing got heavier. He sucked in a quick breath and exhaled in a whimper. It was so exhilarating exposing his most vulnerable parts to Dream.

"If you want it, then *take it*."

To his delight, he felt the blissful pinch of the fangs sinking into his neck. The air around him shifted slightly and the feeling of the bite rang even deeper throughout his bones. Dream was always so attentive. Warmth rocked through his body and his cock strained against his jeans.

He loved the way that Dream's energy would instantly shift to something more threatening, dangerous, and *delicious*. He prided himself knowing that *he* had this effect on Dream.

Before he could even *truly* enjoy the sensation, the tongue that had wrecked him too many times to count, licked the wound and he could feel the prickling start to intensify.

"Why'd you stop? I know that wasn't enough." George turned and frowned up at Dream.

"It's enough to remind everyone that you're all *mine*."

George felt his heart flutter and he bit his lip to try and hide his satisfaction at being called *Dream's*. He rubbed his neck to try and disperse the tingling saliva beneath the surface.

Quickly, he threw on a thin blue sweater and sighed dramatically as he peeked back over his shoulder. "Are you *sure* I can't convince you to fuck me?" He batted his eyelids and stuck his bottom lip out.

Clay released a gentle chuckle, but brushed it off anyway.

"Later, my love. I *promise*."

*My love?*

*He didn't mean that.*

The bitter pang that struck through his chest made his gut wrench and almost made him flinch. The thought saddened him, but he shook his head in a quick attempt to clear the thought.

He forced a fake smile and beamed up at Dream.

"Well let's go meet your friend, then!" George pulled on Dream's hoodie sleeve and

attempted to pull him to the door.

Dream didn't budge. He studied George's face for a couple of seconds, but didn't say anything further. He let George drag him out the doorway.

They walked in the shade of the bustling city sidewalk. Dream had told him something about being a coordinate vampire that let him walk in the sun. If he stayed in it too long, it would agitate his skin. He was apparently weaker during daytime though.

The warm Floridian air blew against his hair and he let his eyes flutter closed. He walked in comfortable silence next to Dream, their shoulders occasionally brushed against each other.

As they continued their calm walk in silence, George's thoughts slowly drifted back to the dark place they had previously been.

*How long would Dream bother to be around him? Would his blood be enough to keep Dream coming back?*

George subconsciously frowned as he stared down at their feet. He would probably do anything to keep the immortal interested in him. His heart felt heavy. No matter how much it hurt to realize, deep down he knew that Dream would get bored eventually.

The cruel part of his brain would often let him daydream of growing old with Clay at his side. Why would an immortal want someone that wasn't young and fresh? *He wouldn't*. George knew it, but it didn't make it hurt any less.

His thoughts were interrupted as Dream intertwined their hands together. George's heart was pounding like a washing machine with dirty shoes inside.

George stared at their hands and then held his gaze on Dream's masked face. The charming way his blonde curls looked golden as they'd hit the sunlight. He was in love with an immortal vampire that definitely didn't feel as strongly as George did. He was practically begging to get his heart broken. *But it was okay*.

*He'd just appreciate it as long as it's here.*

He forced himself to focus on the warmth of Dream's hand, instead of the sadness in his heart.

Eventually, their path along the populated city streets turned into woodsy plains. If he hadn't already entirely entrusted his life into Dream's hands, he would have definitely assumed he was being kidnapped. This was still obviously a part of the city, as there were smaller businesses and little cottage-like homes. The suburbs of the city were always much calmer than downtown.

They made small conversation as the stones crackled beneath their feet.

It was a cute area, the walk couldn't have been much longer than thirty minutes. George walked in the sun and Clay was still in reach, just walking in the shade of the trees. They were still connected at their hands.

A red brick cottage came into view. It was secluded from the rest of the houses around. They walked up the paved street and finally landed at their destination.

Before Dream even had the opportunity to knock, there was some clinking on the other side of the door and it flew open. There stood a man slightly taller than himself. Raven black hair and a white bandana tied around his forehead.

George instantly recognized him as the quiet man that stood behind Dream the morning after they had met.

"Dream! And George! It's so nice to finally see you conscious." The man was much louder than he had been the first morning. As he grinned, George noted that he, too, was fanged.

His smile was charming, and George might have been swayed if he didn't already have a different smile burned into the back of his mind.

The other vampire stepped back and gestured for the two men to come inside. It was *cold*. The air conditioner was much higher than George was used to. He pressed closer to Dream's warm side.

“Georgie, it’s so nice to properly meet you, man.” He playfully slapped George on the back.

“I’d say I’m surprised to see you alive, but Dreamy here won’t shut the fuck up about you.” George flushed and Dream groaned.

“I don’t think I caught your name?” George smiled in inquiry at him.

The man feigned mock hurt.

“I can’t believe he didn’t tell you my name!” He glowered at Dream.

“You can call me Nick or Sapnap, I honestly couldn’t care less about the vampire propaganda around the fake names. Plus, we are friends now, aren’t we?”

*Wait, Sapnap?*

George smiled and nodded. Sapnap looked intimidating, George knew that this man could effortlessly break him. However, Sapnap spoke like a big softie.

The raven haired man wrapped George in a warm bear hug. He never realized how touch starved he was. It was welcoming and it felt as though they had already been friends for years.

“*George*. You smell more like Dream than *Dream* does. What the hell?” The brunette laughed and absent mindedly rubbed his neck. Clay loomed behind him and pinched his sensitive side in warning.

The brunette yelped and watched Sapnap’s dark eyebrows raise.

“We can’t have anyone trying to take what isn’t theirs.” Dream’s tone was low, and possessive.

Sapnap was completely unfazed. He grinned and pulled George out of Dream’s grasp. The darker haired man was suddenly in his face.

“He *is* cute.” Sapnap winked down at him. “And he’s British? I definitely see why you’re so whipped.”

George let out a hearty laugh, and jokingly pushed Sapnap’s face away.

Sapnap shot him a cheeky grin and George followed him into his kitchen, leaving Dream alone in the living room. Sapnap reached into the cooler and brought out two blood bags. It was interesting. The thought of storing blood hadn’t ever crossed his mind. He assumed all vampires preferred fresh blood.

George spoke in a soft tone, trying to keep his voice low. “Why do you say he’s whipped?”

“Are you kidding?” Sapnap let out a boisterous laugh. “I meant it when I said he doesn’t shut up about you. It’s always ‘oh Sapnap you’re so smart, what do humans eat?’ and ‘do you think George would like this?’.”

Said man walked into the kitchen with a small frown on his face. Was he pouting? George smiled in acknowledgement and Sapnap tossed a bag at the masked man.

Dream hadn’t denied any of it, but there was still a small doubt gnawing at him. The blonde caught the bag with ease and looked at it with obvious distaste.

Sapnap bit into the tube dangling down and drank it like a... Capri-sun?

The concept was almost laughable.

“I prefer fresh blood.” Dream handed it back to Sapnap, but the displeased expression hadn’t left his face.

The raven rolled his eyes and dramatically gagged.

“Fucking gross. Don’t be a baby. At least this blood is sterilized.”

The men settled on the couches, and George sat criss-cross. He had a burning question.

“Why do you drink blood bags?”

Sapnap didn’t look bothered by the question. He shuffled and sat back more comfortably on the chair. George leaned back against Dream and the blonde wrapped his arm around George’s shoulders. He was glad that Dream was his personal heater.

“I’m a ‘halfbreed’.” He quoted with his fingers. “My mom was a human and my dad was a vampire. I typically eat human food, but I need to drink blood often, but not anywhere as much as your boyfriend needs to.” *Boyfriend? Was Dream his boyfriend?* “They’re just convenient.”

“Are you two the same age?” George was pleased that both vampires were so willing to answer his questions.

“God no. That fucker is older than I am. I was born in 1844, the same year the telegraph was invented.” He gave a happy thumbs up, he seemed quite proud.

Sapnap suddenly gasped and hit the couch for emphasis. George liked how animated Dream’s friend was. “Do you want to hear about how we met? He would’ve killed me!”

George nodded and smiled as the man stood up quickly and gestured with his hands.

“I was just a kid, good ‘ole days of 1861. If you forget the intolerance in the world at the time. My body actually was still aging.

Fast forward, I’m on the battle field and I am pulled out of my daydreaming by some random fucker picking me up by my collar. Seriously rude.” George softly laughed and the vampire continued. “Dream had his fangs out, he’s acting like he’s about to tear my throat out, and then he had the audacity to gag .”

George looked up at Dream with raised eyebrows and the blonde put his hands up defensively. “He smelled awful! Like rotting blood. I couldn’t help it.”

“Yeah, Dream? Well you still stink. I don’t know how George puts up with you.” Sapnap added, “You should’ve seen the look on his face when I told him I was a hybrid.” George thought Clay smelled wonderful. He wanted to play along anyway. He saw tonight as a great opportunity to push Dream over the edge.

“You have no idea, Sapnap. I put up with so much.” He fake frowned. “He doesn’t make up for it in bed either.”

Clay scoffed behind him and lowered his hand to George’s side, obvious unspoken warning as he hovered against his sensitive area.

“That wasn’t what you said this morning.”

Sapnap stood abruptly and clapped his hands together.

“Alright, I’m not sober enough to handle this conversation right now.”

George spared a glance to the clock on Sapnap’s wall and gasped as he realized *hours* had passed. It was already nearing eight o’clock and he hadn’t even eaten anything yet today.

He heard the clinking of keys and peered up at Sapnap in surprise.

“You drive?”

“What? Of course I drive. I’m not a boomer like your boy. Do you seriously walk everywhere, George?”

George shrugged.

“I haven’t found any reason to get a car yet. My office and the grocery are only short walks from my flat.”

“Weirdo.” Sapnap shot George a big smile anyway. “There’s this new bar I found. We

should get drinks. I know the owner, I promise it'll be a good time.”

Sapnap walked out of the house and started up the car. George looked up at Dream in question. The vampire leaned down into George's face and darkly whispered.

“I *know* how you get when you have alcohol in your system. *You better be good .*”

George smirked at the unspoken threat.

“Or *what , Dreamy?*”

Dream grinned in his face and he felt a rush of excitement as he saw the vampire's fangs peeking out. He pulled George closer by the collar of his sweater and breathed softly into his ear.

“You'd better hope you don't find out.”

Clay pulled back, the threat lingered in the air. George licked his lips and was snapped out of his daze as the man pulled him to the running car outside.

The surprisingly even colder air hit him and made George realize just how *thin* his sweater was. American weather was painfully unpredictable. It had been borderline too hot this afternoon. He shivered and stepped up, into the back seat of the car. Of course they hadn't turned the heat on. A man that kept his house so cold probably couldn't tell the difference in his freezing car.

He rubbed his hands together furiously. He had hoped Dream would've sat in the back seat with him, George wished he could feel the natural heat that radiated from his vampire.

The car whirred forward and started toward its destination, and George prayed that the bar would be warmer.

The brunette flinched as a green hoodie was passed back from the passenger seat. He blinked as he tried to process what was happening.

No words were spoken as Dream lightly shook the hoodie in another prompt to take it.

George gaped sheepishly and finally felt warmth return to his face. He gently took the garment and nearly groaned as the heat from the hoodie warmed his hands.

He threw it on over his sweater and looked out the window. He finally felt completely encased by the comforting heat. George buried his nose into the collar and inhaled silently. *It smelled so strongly of the burned leaves, too.*

George could've sworn his heart would jump out of his throat. Sapnap laughed in the driver's seat but only turned the music up. The hoodie was huge on him, George was nearly drowning in it. His hands were covered by the baggy sleeves.

The rest of the ride was comfortably quiet. Streetlights passed overhead, and George was wrapped up in his own thoughts. It would be easier if he and Dream were just fuck buddies. *So much easier*. He knew the vampire had claimed him as his own, but George wished he knew what that really meant. He was possessive, though that didn't mean that he returned the intense feelings George had.

He was thrilled, even despite the painfully intrusive thoughts that his brain never failed to supply. George ached to get out of his own head and distract himself.

The car slowed to a stop against the curb and Sapnap switched it off. George focused on the colorful and blinking lights. The neon sign read '*Punz 'n Pub*'. He tugged on his door handle and let himself out. The booming of the music bass inside was easier to center his entire attention on. The line wasn't like the bar he usually went to. It wrapped all the way around the large building.

This was going to be a fun night, and he wouldn't let his mind get the best of him. Not tonight.

Dream placed a hand on George's lower back and led him toward the doors. Sapnap walked ahead and started conversing with the bouncer, but George couldn't pick up any of the words, as the music covered them completely. He watched as the tall man in the dark suit glanced down at his clipboard. To George's surprise, the man unlatched the velvet barrier and let the three of them pass.

Almost.

“What’s with your buddy’s mask? Take it off.”

George tensed and Sapnap groaned. He could immediately feel Dream’s irritation next to him. He had barely experienced it in person, but he had heard stories of how short tempered his vampire was. George was sure that Clay wouldn’t cause a scene, but when the blonde moved George behind him, he instantly realized he’d misjudged just how little the vampire would snap over.

Sapnap and George both moved at the same time to control their angered friend. The hybrid grabbed his shoulder and George pulled on his arm. A fifth voice interrupted the dangerous atmosphere.

“That won’t be necessary, gentlemen.” A blonde man in nice attire spoke from the doorway. He shot the bouncer an intimidating smile. “Please don’t upset my guests. Any friend of Nick’s is a friend of mine.”

Sapnap cheered and let go of Dream. The bouncer apologized gruffly and turned back to latch the barrier once all three had made it inside.

“Luke, you always manage to save the day. You beautiful, beautiful man.”

As the owner led the three through the crowded bar, he sighed in annoyance at Sapnap. “How many times do I have to remind you to use my pen name in the bar?”

He took them to a more private table, away from the loudest part of the building. Dream was still very quiet. George could tell that he was still irked by the situation with the bouncer. The brunette tugged lightly on Dream’s t-shirt and smiled up at him. To his relief, his blonde softened almost instantly.

Sapnap was chatting away with the owner, who had introduced himself as Punz. He had shouted over the music and informed the three men that any of their drinks were on the house. They were seated at a high booth.

George innocently sat on Dream’s lap for comfort. The constant booming, loud lyrics, and flashing neon lights had George teetering on the edge of a headache. It wasn’t as comforting as his favored bar; Church Prime.

Dream snaked his hand under his hoodie and the sweater George was wearing. The big hand rested on his bare stomach. A comforting heat buzzed beneath George's skin. The touch was so intimate and as Dream relaxed beneath him, George felt himself relax as well. Sapnap returned with three glasses.

"Okay, lovebirds. I brought drinks. George, you strike me as a sweet drink kind of guy, am I right?" He handed a cherry tequila to George and the brunette nodded gratefully.

"Am I that easy to read?" He smiled softly and laughed gently before taking a large gulp. It pleasantly burned as it flowed down his throat. Without any food in his system, he could already feel the licks of a buzz in his brain within a few minutes.

Time flowed just as quickly as the next rounds of drinks. He laughed along easily with Sapnap and the raven haired man told more stories about Dream and the many years that they had been friends. He couldn't help the happy laughs that escaped him at the smallest things.

The blonde hadn't touched a single drink, unless it was the aftermaths on George's tongue when Sapnap would leave for another round.

As George was in his hazy and blissful state, he also became very attentive to Dream underneath him. The night passed and George had grown *much* more touchy-feely. 'Accidentally' brushing his ass against Dream. Readjusting much more than necessary.

Unfortunately, Dream kept George's wandering hands in a secure grip under the table. The arm under his shirt had also slowly viced around his torso, in what George assumed was an attempt to halt his squirming. He would only occasionally let a hand free to let George take another sip.

George was happy and *unbelievably* hard. At the start of the night, George had been patient enough to wait until they had gotten back home for Dream to ruin him. Now though, the idea of Dream fucking him in the bathroom seemed more and more delightful. He just had to figure out how to push the vampire to that point.

When the time came for the next rounds, Sapnap asked George to go get them. Dream was reluctant to let him go, but Sapnap was able to convince him to let go for a couple of minutes. The brunette immediately missed the warmth, but let himself think of a plan as he waited for their drinks.

George leaned on the bar and stared at Dream from across the room. The man was so *controlled*. Clearly the teasing and not-so-subtle grinding wasn't enough to make him tick.

"Hey, gorgeous." A presence from behind him spoke up. George groaned internally. Said man walked around to George's front and shamelessly looked him up and down. He wasn't in the mood to be hit on, he was trying to figure out a way to make Dream—

George flicked his gaze to the masked man, and then at the man in front of him.

*Oh this might just work.*

George smirked and tilted his head innocently.

"Hey, yourself."

The man was dreadfully boring compared to Dream, and George was so far from interested. However, he knew how to play this game and put up a front.

Said man placed his glass down on the bar and teetered closer. The man couldn't be much older than himself. As he leaned into George's face, he got a heavy waft of cigarettes and beer. George held back his gag.

He had to be in character if he wanted this to work.

George put a hand on the man's chest and trailed his hand down provocatively. It got an instant reaction from the man and George almost frowned and broke character. Some people were too easy.

He had learned after time how to size men up. He just *knew* this guy was small. If he weren't playing a role right now, he wouldn't have even batted an eye at the man in front of him.

George hooked his hands behind the boring man's neck and quickly glanced past him to

their table. He was quite shocked to find Clay's spot in the booth vacant.

Small and foreign hands wrapped around his waist and George internally cringed. Any touch that wasn't Dream's was bland and *wrong*.

That was when he felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise and realized the looming presence behind him. *Fucking finally.*

When the man tensed up and quickly pulled back from George, he finally felt the excitement give him goosebumps. He couldn't fight the smirk curling at the corners of his mouth. George brought the sleeve of Dream's hoodie up to cover his shit-eating grin. He bit his lip as he watched the man scurry back in surrender.

"Shit, sorry man. Is he yours? I swear I didn't have any idea- I—"

"Leave ." Clay growled and George's knees nearly buckled.

George couldn't recall ever watching anyone leave so quickly.

A tan hand grabbed his hair and pulled his head back.

"If you really fucking want to play that game, *we can play it .*" Dream said threateningly, his breath hot against the other's ear, sending shivers down his spine as he squirmed under the vampire's touch.

Dream pulled him by the hood and dragged him to the restroom. George was panting and terribly aroused. After hours of trying to get a reaction out of Dream, all he had to do was press the right button.

He was pushed against the outside of the door and as his weight was placed on it, the door opened and George nearly fell backwards. He *loved* when Dream was rough with him. He heard a click of the door locking and before his brain could catch up, his face was being pressed roughly into the countertop. His cock ached and strained against his denim jeans.

Dream was pressed against his ass and his torso pinned George against the cold marble.

The blonde growled into his ear.

“What do you have to say for yourself, *slut* ?” George was melting beneath him. Dream was so *strong* and his entire presence was arousing. As many times as Dream had fucked him, he still ached for it. Clay whispered lowly. “What’s your color?”

“W-wanted you. Green. So fucking green.” George winced out. Dream gripped onto his hair again and tightened his grip.

“It sure looked to me like you wanted that other guy. I’d be more pissed if you hadn’t been trying to ride my dick all night.” Dream thrusted his hips behind him and pushed George’s face further into the marble counter. “I know you better than that. This was what you wanted all along, *wasn’t it* ?”

George tried to nod frantically, but he wasn’t allowed much movement in his current position.

George’s arms were restrained behind his back in a vice-like grip. He was in pure euphoria.

“Yes Dre—dream. I wanted you so bad. I didn’t know how else to get your attention.”

“You *had* my attention. It’s hard to ignore you writhing on my lap.”

“Not enough.” George cried, he wanted to feel release. He spread his legs and groaned when Dream pressed even closer.

“You just can’t keep your legs closed around me, can you?” The blonde sneered at him and spread his legs further apart with his knee.

“Dream *please* . I’ve been waiting all day.” He begged desperately.

George almost cried with relief when the hand restricting his wrists released and instead moved to unzip George's jeans.

"You've gotten greedy. I shouldn't keep giving you what you want." Contradicting his own words, he slipped his large hand past the hem of George's jeans and kneaded his cheek with his strong palm.

He moaned and didn't care that others might hear. Right now it was just him, and his vampire pinning him against the sink.

Dream brushed his fingers against George's sensitive hole and the brunette choked. His jeans and boxers were yanked down in one fell swoop. The cold air of the bathroom hit his exposed skin but it only excited him further.

He snapped back to his surroundings as Dream reached back up, and pumped soap from the dispenser onto his fingers. He didn't hesitate to push two fingers inside of George. Their daily memorizations of each other's bodies helped Dream find his prostate right away.

George screamed out and almost felt lightheaded with the wonderful ministrations inside him.

"Look at you, baby, all bent over for me, just waiting for me to fuck you. You're so desperate. I bet you'd come on my fingers alone if I'd let you."

George made a choked noise of agreement but tried to push his body back to show he was ready. The less they prepped, the bigger Dream felt.

"You want more already? Last time we barely prepped you wouldn't stop complaining about how sore you were." Dream warned.

Dream's hesitation was obvious and *not* what he wanted right now. He was too horny for sweet and pampering Clay.

"If you don't fuck me I can find someone else out there that will."

It was a bluff and they both knew it.

“ *Yeah ?*” The fingers were removed from him and he heard Dream unzip his own jeans. A *very* familiar head pressed against his lubed hole.

Dream slowly pushed inside and George was like putty beneath him. Completely weak as the pattern of small bumps and indents that George had memorized stretched his walls open. Once Dream was fully sheathed to the hilt, he spoke lowly against George’s neck.

“I don’t think you could find a single person out there that would satisfy the size queen in your pretty little head. You need *me* to fill you to the brim, don’t you?”

“ *Oh Dream! Yes . Just you. Only you. Please move—*“

He was cut off when Dream pulled out and slammed him into the counter. Words completely left him. Wet, guttural whines were all his throat could muster out.

Dream leaned back and gripped George’s hair harder, his other hand pressed down on George’s back to keep him down. He settled on a rapid speed of thrusts, each perfectly aimed to brush against his prostate. The sex was always so good and mind numbing. George didn’t think he’d ever be able to live without it.

Dream had learned every *single* spot that would send George spiraling over the edge. The ruthless pace made George drool against the marble. The constant switch between *empty* and being so full that he thought he might burst was something he’d never get sick of.

George lazily looked up at the mirror and was almost shocked to see Dream behind him. He watched the blonde ruthlessly pound in and slide nearly all the way out. It was ridiculously erotic.

His eyes trailed to the hand pulling tightly at his hair and his powerful fingers.

As Dream thrusted hard and fast into him, George grabbed Dream’s hand from his hair and the vampire instantly stopped any movement.

“Are you okay? Was it too mu—“

The concerned words and worried expression ceased as George put Dream's pointer and middle fingers into his mouth and started sucking on them.

He watched Dream in the mirror and felt Dream meet his eyes. He tilted his head mockingly and chuckled with malice.

“You almost had me worried!” He continued his ruthless tempo and let George occupy his mouth on his fingers. “And to think, I almost thought I'd gone too far. Even when I'm buried deep inside you, you still need *more* .”

“You're just a needy whore. You need something in your mouth huh?” His pounding grew more and more forceful and George felt himself getting close to release. He knew he would bruise and he loved it.

He yanked George's head back by the mouth and gagged him with his fingers. George pathetically groaned and his eyes rolled back. Dream started nipping and biting harshly at his neck. It wasn't deep enough to draw blood, but it was hard enough to sting perfectly. He felt pheromones hit him and he sucked in a full breath.

In the same spot he had bitten earlier this morning, he sunk his teeth in deep. Something inside George snapped.

The brunette moaned as the coil of heat in his stomach finally unravelled. He white splatters released all over the counter. Dream detached from his bleeding neck and licked a bloody trail up to his ear.

“Oh *baby*. I'm not done with you yet.” Dream reached around and grabbed George's softening dick. George moaned around Dream's fingers.

The stimulation was everywhere at once. As Dream bit back down in a different spot closer to George's shoulder, he looked up at his bleeding wounds in the mirror and he started to grow hard again.

With Dream's thrusting, stroking, licking, and biting in a different spot *again* , George

couldn't believe he was already nearing his *second* orgasm. He couldn't keep from twitching, he was still coming down from his previous high. As Dream egged him closer, George could feel the thrusting become more ragged, letting him know that Clay was equally as close.

After one last thrust, Dream was releasing inside him and filling George with the warm and thick liquid. He knew he was drooling on the fingers in his mouth but he couldn't find it in himself to care. Dream sped up his stroking on George's leaking cock and pushed him over the edge *again*.

George cried out but he was once again gagged on Dream's long fingers. Before the blonde pulled out, he growled.

George was struggling to catch his breath, the bathroom was spinning. He knew that Dream was speaking, because he saw his bloodied mouth move. However, he couldn't focus enough to process the words.

When he realized Dream was waiting for a reply, he blinked hard and choked out, "W- what?"

Dream licked at his bloodied neck, and in a slightly softer tone, he repeated.

"I asked, who you belong to?"

He could faintly feel his neck and shoulders tingling, but couldn't quite pinpoint anything.

Dream removed his fingers from George's mouth and gently massaged his scalp.

George could barely keep his eyes open, but he truthfully muttered a small, "You."

Dream pulled out and kissed George's hair.

"You're right, good boy. You did so well for me, Georgie." His heart fluttered at the praise and Dream tucked himself back into his jeans and wet a paper towel to clean George's milky liquid off of the surface. He let his head fall on Dream's shoulder and Dream held him up with his

unoccupied arm. He was so *exhausted*.

Once the countertop was cleaned, Dream pulled George's jeans up. He whined in sleepy confusion.

Dream pulled him into a gentle hug and held his head to his chest.

"I know, baby. I'll clean you up when we get home." *Home*. The word rang comfortably in George's thoughts. "You smell like me." Dream breathed in George's scent. "You look so pretty in my hoodie, too. It's huge on you."

Very obvious pride laced his every word. George tugged on Dream's shirt and softly whimpered.

"Tired." The pheromones mixed with his post-orgasmic haze made forming proper sentences far too difficult.

"Okay, let's go back to the table." Dream unlocked the door, but the previously booming music was dramatically muted and distant. George had an obvious limp, but Dream slightly lessened it by holding his hip possessively.

When they got back to the table, George watched Sapnap give Dream a raised eyebrow. The orange eyes fell on George and Sapnap just let out a dramatic, "Holy shit." And he rolled his eyes.

Sapnap breathed in and gagged. "For *fucks sake*. There isn't a single question of who rocked your shit, George." The brit laughed softly and clinged to Dream's warm side affectionately. George was docile and quiet. He enjoyed the vampire's extra company.

Their friend put his arms over his head and turned toward the exit. "Alright boys. I guess it's time to head out before you two start fucking again." Sapnap waved to the owner and the three departed from the building.

"I had a lot of fun tonight." He clicked a finger gun at George and winked. "Your little boyfriend knows how to party." Dream laughed with him as George slumped against his side.

---

“Do you need a ride back to his place?” The other vampire asked.

Dream leaned down and picked George’s sleeping body up, bridal style.

“Nah. I’ll take him back. It was good seeing you, Pandas.”

The hybrid scoffed affectionately and rolled his eyes.

“You haven’t called me that in decades.” He smiled cheekily. “I like him, Dream. He makes you come around more.” He threw his arm around Dream’s neck and half hugged him. “I’ve missed you, man.”

“I like him too. I guess he’s grown on me.”

“Yeah, I’d *certainly* say so. You’ve nearly marked him in every possible way. If I didn’t know any better, I’d almost guess you two were—“ Sapnap paused and he squinted his eyes. Sudden realization covered his features.

“We were what?” Dream pressed curiously.

“Nothing. I’ll tell you later if I’m right.”

Clay didn’t respond, and instead looked down at George in wonder. They said their goodbyes and many questions were left unanswered.

As he tucked George into bed that night, he whispered softly.

“I think I might love you.”

---

*Baby, I know dreams tend to crumble at extremes.*

*I just thought our dream would last a little bit longer.*

## Chapter End Notes

Hello again! I know this chapter took a little longer to get out, but I made it longer to compensate :)

Song— This Life, by The Vampire Weekend

Uh oh! George is insecure and he worries that Dream will get bored of him. I hope nothing goes wrong!!

;)

Feel free to come and chat on my Twitter!! [@meri\\_wether](#)

I'm praying that my next chapter doesn't take as long to get out. I've had the next one planned since the beginning of this story haha.

Comments and kudos fuel me to write more !!

Thank you for 650 kudos, I cannot even begin to express my gratitude. I love you all!!

Until next time!!

PS— if you take anything away from this chapter, do NOT use soap as lube

## Stormy thoughts

### Chapter Notes

Two posts one month?  
What?  
Brace yourself for angst! I mean it.  
Buckle up.  
Possible TW// for violence, blood  
Enjoy :)  
My twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a quiet morning. The sun hadn't yet risen, the world was only amidst dawn.

George's slumbered breathing was a calming noise in the darkened bedroom. The gentle thrum of his heartbeat was comforting. Dream subconsciously threaded his fingers in circles through the soft brunette strands. His human was sound asleep on his lap, George's frail arms were clinged around his waist.

Dream stared at George's soft features. The human was so small. So fragile. He looked so peaceful when he was asleep.

When he was *awake* though, he really had quite a mouth on him. His spitfire of a human didn't seem to be afraid of anything. George would argue with anyone, no matter the height or strength advantages they had over him.

George had, more than once, gotten into an argument with tall and otherwise intimidating men. More often than not, George was drunk. The foolish men would always flirt, assuming that George was an easy fuck. Before Clay could even step in, the blonde would slap the wandering hands away. He always insisted that he could hold for himself and Dream would sit back and watch with amusement.

When George would bite off more than he could chew, that was when Clay took over.

The moment George's bratty demeanor switched to one of fear, the blonde would instantly do *anything* to put the fire back in the honeyed brown eyes. His main job was to keep George safe. Always.

Three quiet knocks on the balcony door shattered the peaceful atmosphere. Dream bristled protectively, and held George closer against him.

When he glared out the glass door, he instantly relaxed as he saw Sapnap with his hands up in surrender and a bashful grin.

It had been over a week since he had seen the hybrid. He wondered what was urgent enough that the man needed to seek him out here.

Said man had a serious look in his eyes, but was clearly trying to appear lighthearted. He gestured for Dream to join him on the balcony.

The blonde frowned and looked back down at George's sleeping features. He gently unhooked the arms around him and laid them on the bed. He placed a soft kiss on George's forehead as he slowly moved out from underneath him.

His human made small noises of complaint at the loss of his heat source, but only slightly stirred and curled back in on himself. Dream's instincts reeled and ached for him to get back into the close proximity with the human. *Protect. Human is sleeping and vulnerable.*

Reluctantly, he pulled himself away from the bed. He treaded softly on the tiled floor over to the balcony door. He watched George for any sign of waking as he stepped outside onto the platform.

Dream didn't shut the door completely, as he knew the *click* of it latching would wake George.

Sapnap glanced past him and studied George's sleeping form. His eyes were sympathetic as they met Dream's.

"What is it?" Dream hastily whispered.

"Look, I'm sorry it took me so long to realize, it's already worse than I had expected. I think you and George have an inco-

“*Dream?*” A small voice from inside the apartment cut Sapnap off. Both vampires turned toward the man, now sitting up on the bed, trying to rub the sleep out of his eyes.

The blonde felt an odd discomfort in his chest.

Almost frantically, he turned back to the hybrid.

“We have a *what*? Is George okay?” He quickly whispered.

“For now.” Sapnap ran his hands over his face in exasperation. “Be at my house in five.”

Sapnap placed a hand on the railing and hurdled himself over, before he hit the ground, he vanished into thin air.

George appeared at the threshold of the door and slid it open. He looked up at Dream with groggy eyes. “Was that Sapnap? Is ev-“, he interrupted himself with a yawn, “Is everything okay?”

Dream smiled tenderly. He cupped the side of George’s face and the tired human leaned into it. “Everything is okay, love.” He actually wasn’t sure if that was true. His hybrid friend’s lack of his jokes and light banter was unsettling.

“Come back to bed.” George pouted softly. Dream wanted to, but he needed to make sure his human would be safe.

“I can’t right now. It’s still early though, you should get more rest.” He kissed the top of George’s hair and his human trailed behind him back toward the bed.

George pulled on his hand and held it with both of his smaller ones. When Clay turned back to look down at him, George was frowning.

“You’re leaving?”

“Sapnap and I need to discuss some things.” Dream smiled reassuringly at him.

George’s frown deepened but he quickly covered it with a pout.

“Who is gonna keep me warm?” George whined, but there was something beneath George’s actions that Clay couldn’t pinpoint. The brunette grabbed for his other hand and pulled on Dream’s arms, and teetered on his heels.

“I shouldn’t be too long, love. I’ll be back after a while.”

“Can I come?” George begged.

Dream shook his head gently. In perhaps a last ditch effort, George pulled him into a kiss. George’s tongue entered his mouth and Clay instantly knew what he was going to do.

The blonde pulled back, a little harsher than he had intended, just before George could make himself bleed on Dream’s fangs. He knew that if he let George have his way, he would arrive at Sapnap’s house *far* after the five minutes were up.

George stiffened and his scent soured at the assumed rejection. His face fell and he stepped back. He stood guarded now and it made Dream’s heart pang with regret. He quickly scrambled to try to fix it.

“No, no , baby. It’s not like that, okay? I’ve just got to go. Sapnap wanted me at his house in five. We need to talk about something important and then I’ll be back as soon as we are done.” He lightly cupped George’s face with both of his hands.

George’s scent didn’t sweeten, but his expression changed to a bright smile.

“Okay. I think I’m just tired. I’ll miss you.”

He had been doing that a lot. Dream could tell he was lying, but George always thought he could mask it with sweet smiles and positive words.

George kissed him quickly and sat back down on the bed. Dream didn't understand why George was suddenly so avoidant. The small hands fidgeted with the hem of the blanket and he slipped underneath it, turning away from Dream.

It was fine. Whatever this was, Dream could fix it tonight. Dream's heart felt heavy as he turned to leave.

He whispered one last promise that he'd return soon, and then stepped off the balcony.

---

"An incomplete blood bond."

Dream couldn't do anything but level Sapnap with an unimpressed stare. The two vampires were sat across from each other on the leather couch.

The blonde frowned and glanced up at the clock on the wall.

"Did you actually make me leave George so you could talk to me about stupid legends?"

He felt uneasy being away from George. Dream grabbed his mask that was placed on the table, and moved to put it back on.

Sapnap kicked him in the leg as he started to stand up to leave.

"Sit back down, you dense motherfucker. George's life is at stake here."

Dream glowered but sat back down anyway. Blood bonds weren't real. They were fantasies that vampires had made up to make mortality seem less daunting.

Sapnap picked up the worn down book on his lap and read from it without meeting Dream's eyes.

"And I quote," he made a quoting gesture with his fingers, "The vampire's senses will be

heightened any time the human is around. It's likely that the first initial meeting could be one of the most dangerous times for the human.”

Sapnap glanced up again to make sure Dream was paying attention.

“The vampire will typically be reduced to a primal state. This will become easier to manage the more time the pair is together.

Irresistible blood,

Increased sex drive, *don't* answer that one. I already know.” He continued.

“Possessive actions. The urge to claim.”

Sapnap laughed sarcastically.

“Oh! And get a load of this one. ‘Other human blood tastes bland. This is the vampire’s body converting to the human being the main blood source.”

Sapnap spoke dryly.

“Does any of that happen to ring a bell? Will you fucking listen to what I’m saying now?”

Dream was stunned. He knew his expression didn’t hide it either.

He felt completely transparent. He almost wished he hadn’t taken his mask off. It made him harder to read, and right now he felt like an open fucking book.

He had gone his entire life believing blood bonds were just fairytales. They were *fake*. Now, he had accidentally gotten tangled up in one.

“What does this mean for George?” Dream decided this was all far too much of a coincidence to be fake. Sapnap would’ve broken by now if he was joking.

“If he dies before you complete the bond, you’ll die too.” He spoke so simply. As if he hadn’t just dropped a bombshell on Clay’s world.

“Why?” He cautioned.

“Your body is already subconsciously mixing George’s body with your own. If he dies, it will be very similar to a rubber band being cut. You won’t be able to complete it so your body will shut down. Although...”, He trailed off.

Dream raised his eyebrows in an indication for him to continue.

“You’d fall into a similar state if you were separated from him for too long.”

“I’m perfectly fine separated from him. I just enjoy his company.” He tried to defend himself.

Sapnap hummed. Orange, doubt-filled eyes trailed downward.

“That’s why you’ve been bouncing your leg and scratching constantly, right?”

The words weren’t necessarily condescending, rather, sympathetic. He hadn’t even noticed his anxious habits. Nothing could get passed Sapnap. It had always been like this. With or without the mask never made any difference.

“I don’t even know how to complete the bond.” He admitted quietly. “I don’t want to hurt him, Sap.”

“There’s no avoiding it. If you are around him constantly, your instincts to complete the bond could kick in randomly. If you avoid him, he’ll be in even more danger. You’ll become...” Sapnap pondered for the right phrasing.

“Feral. In a way.” The hybrid flipped through a few pages in his book. “It’s safer for both of you to complete the bond sooner, rather than later.”

He turned back a page.

“You’ll complete the bond by biting him, and applying an open wound of your own to it. Instead of healing, it’ll scar.” Dream watched Sapnap skim over the page.

“Completing a bond will eventually make the human stop aging. It could take a while for it to really set in, as his body will be killing each individual cell and creating a brand new one in its place.”

Dream’s thoughts were racing. He had only just come to terms with the fact that he actually loved George. He wasn’t ready to force George to be tied to him for eternity. *Though the thought was definitely appealing .*

He shifted and the leather couch creaked.

“What if he doesn’t want it?”

“I’m pretty sure that if the fangs didn’t scare him off before, they won’t now. George is a rational guy. Just talk to him about it.”

“No, I mean I want to give him the choice. I don’t want to take the option away from him.”

Sapnap sighed gently.

“On the slim off chance that he turns it down, I’d hope that you’d respect that. I don’t think you understand though, Clay. *You* might respect that, but your baseline instincts *won’t care.*”

He needed to clear his head. This was too much to take in right now. He craved to inhale George’s scent to calm himself down. Dream didn’t even know where he’d begin with explaining this to the brunette.

“Talk to him. Don’t wait until it’s too late.”

---

George lay on his bed staring up at the pale ceiling. Dream had been at Sapnap’s all day.

He stretched and covered his eyes tiredly with his arms.

He felt like he should apologize to Dream. He hadn't given George any reason to actually doubt him. It was all his own insecurities and past experiences put together that he was now projecting onto the vampire. It wasn't fair to Dream.

When the vampire came back, he'd come clean with his insecure thoughts.

*Still though.* It had definitely hurt when Dream practically rejected him this morning. He knew Dream had a life outside of George, but *what if's* never failed to surface in his head.

He was only with Sapnap. It was fine. Dream would be back soon. He *promised*.

Separation anxiety was gnawing at his brain. He only ever noticed the itch underneath his skin when Dream wasn't around.

At some point during the night of their last escapade with Sapnap, the halfbreed vampire had put his number in George's phone. It was times like these that George wished he could just text Clay. It'd be much easier.

He and Sapnap had been texting each other quite frequently. It was to the point he could genuinely consider Sapnap a friend.

George shot Sapnap a quick text.

### **When do you think Dream should be back?**

*Delivered, 9:47PM*

George stared at his phone screen expectantly.

He almost begged for the typing bubbles to pop up. After five minutes of waiting, he had resigned to dead air from Sapnap too.

It was fine. They were just busy. If George continued to let himself sit here, his thoughts would consume him entirely.

He sat up slowly and kicked his feet over the side of the bed.

George maneuvered over to his kitchen and scavenged through his cabinets. He was quite displeased to find but one measly sip in his bourbon bottle. *Why did he even keep that?* He groaned unnecessarily loud.

His thoughts were screaming in his skull.

When he found that his friend still hadn't replied, he texted him again.

**Out of bourbon in the house. I'm going to the bar.**

*Delivered, 10:01PM*

Almost instantly this time, the message switched to read and the typing bubbles appeared in the bottom left corner.

With a *ba-ding* ! A new message appeared on his screen.

**Dream left an hour ago. He isn't with you?**

George stared blankly at his screen. There was a reasonable explanation for this. There had to be.

He couldn't think of one right now though. His head was too muddled, he already felt a headache forming.

He left his apartment and quickly walked toward the bar.

A street vendor at the intersection of the road caught his attention. He had barely eaten

today, he'd been too focused on Dream.

He pulled out a ten dollar bill and bought a small sandwich. It wasn't great, and it was definitely overpriced. It was enough to calm his rumbling stomach though.

As he neared the bar, he spotted a dumpster down an alleyway. He was about to lift the lid but he caught movement in the corner of his eye.

The white mask reflected light from the street. George almost slumped in relief.

His eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness as he blinked intently.

Dream was okay.

Dream was back.

*And Dream was kissing a woman.*

It was unmistakable. George would recognize that silhouette in his sleep.

George's heart sinks, frozen in his chest and nestled between his lungs.

*Oh.*

*That's right.*

*This was bound to happen eventually.*

It suddenly made sense why Dream had rejected him this morning. He had someone else now.

George felt the world start to crumble beneath his feet. He could feel his head spinning. Sudden nausea made the bile in his stomach curl in the back of his throat.

The worst part was, George's persistent doubt in the back of his head had been *right all along*. Dream wasn't any different than any of his previous partners. It stung. It hurt so fucking badly.

He numbly lifted the dumpster lid and threw his sandwich wrapper inside. He couldn't care less about the loud slam of it closing.

The blonde looked up and immediately, George watched the surprise take over his posture. Dream looked like a deer caught in headlights.

George surprised even himself as his eyes were completely dry. He swallowed the burning betrayal and *left*.

He needed to be far, far away from the pathological liar that did this to him. Not again. This time, George would be the one leaving.

As he nudged past the people congregating around the bar, he started picking up his pace.

It was all fake. He was nothing more than a blood source. He was foolish to have thought for even a second that it could've ever been anything other than that.

As he started to shift into a fast jog, he felt the tears prickling at the corners of his eyes. This wasn't supposed to happen.

His vision started to blur and he realized the tears had started flowing out even despite his desperate attempts to hold them back. George ran into a darkened alley, it was quiet. He could be alone. He slumped down against the wall.

Finally, he let the tears out and he cried into *Dream's* hoodie sleeve. He bit it to try to smother his sobs.

His head was pounding and his throat burned. It felt like someone was boozing a bass drum in his skull.

“Yikes.” The sudden voice dragged out the i.

George flinched violently and felt his soul leave his body. He wiped his eyes and held his breath to control his breathing. When he looked up, he saw the pig mask staring down at him.

*Fuck.*

“I saw the whole thing. It might’ve been funny if it weren’t so sad,” the pink haired man fake frowned. “Right?”

George gathered as much bite into his voice as he could.

“What do you *want* ?”

He imagined the pig man raising his eyebrows in surprise and it made him feel slightly more confident. The man crouched down in front of him.

“I didn’t get to properly introduce myself. My name is Technoblade, and I’m going to kill you to get back at Dream.” He held out his hand for George to shake. George stared at the extended hand incredulously.

“I don’t remember asking for your name.” George spit out. He turned away from Techno in indignance. “It’s a waste of your time. You’d probably be doing him a favor.” George knew his voice quavered and he bit the inside of his lip to ground himself.

The hand previously extended in a greeting now shot out to harshly grip his jaw. George gasped in pain and he tried, to no avail, to loosen the iron hold.

“Quite the *mouth* you have on you. I’m not like Dream, I don’t like my meals to talk back.”

Technoblade bared his teeth and George noted the dangerous fangs. They didn't have the allure that Dream's did. *This man really meant to kill him.*

Dream's voice echoed in his head. *If he catches you when I'm not around, he won't hesitate to take your life.*

George was being lifted into the air by his throat. He kicked his legs frantically as he struggled to take in air. As he finally stared death straight in the face, he almost found it relieving.

"What does he even see in you, anyway? You're really not anything special. You *wreak* of him though, has anyone ever told you that?" Techno grimaced as he made a point of covering his nose with his other hand.

George clawed weakly at the pale hand that would soon be his demise.

"Don't tell me you actually thought Dream *cared* about you. He's been alive for centuries, do you really think one human will stand out amongst the other millions he's met? If you did, you're much more brainless than I had originally thought."

His head pounded harder. The small frantic breaths slowly ceased as the hand clenched tighter around his airways.

"I've been watching you. You don't have any family or friends to check up on you. The only ones that showed any interest in you were Dream and his—," He scrunched his nose in repugnance, "*halfbreed* friend."

"Your family will forget you. Dream and his friend won't remember you."

George rasped desperately for air, the panic was quickly rising in his chest. His blood was pumping with adrenaline, but he was useless against the tall pig man.

He could feel his brain start to shut down.

His head was ringing, and he could only faintly make out any more of the other's words. It

sounded like he was deep underwater. His vision started blurring.

*This must be what death feels like.*

His life felt like it was flashing before his eyes.

Images of his parents before they disowned him, the distinct memory of receiving his college acceptance letter, he even remembered his childhood dog Rudy.

*Dream*. His mind screamed. He wanted to feel Dream just one last time. *Oh right*. His brain couldn't even allow his last moments to be peaceful. *Dream had someone else*.

All of his senses were fading into numbness. All he could feel was the pressure around his neck and the burning hot tears streaming down his cheeks. He struggled to form coherent thoughts. He wondered if he had been a terrible person in his past life to deserve this.

He closed his eyes and braced himself for death.

But it never came.

Instead, George was dropped and if he could feel anything, he was sure it would've hurt like a bitch.

He thought he could make out some noises around him, but he was too busy taking in as much air as possible. *Too much*. He was nauseated and lightheaded.

George brought his hand up in front of his face and realized the mutilated skin of his palms. Bloodied and dripping. George frowned as the blood soaked into the green cuffs of Dream's hoodie.

He could slowly start to process his surroundings again.

Blearily, he looked down at his knees. Blood stained his pants. He couldn't feel the pain yet.

He tried to wipe the blood on his pants, but it only seemed to bleed more.

*Had Techno actually let him go? What would he gain from—*

His thought was interrupted by George being pulled up onto his feet. His legs could barely hold his weight.

Then it hit him.

*Burned leaves. Smoked wood. Bonfire. Warm. Safe. Home. Dream. Dream. Dream.*

*No.*

He weakly, but with as much force as he could muster, shoved away from Dream's hard chest.

This time, it was angry tears that burned at his cheeks.

The vampire was tense and very still. He had his hands up in surrender.

"George, you aren't thinking clearly right now. You need to calm down." His voice was gentle and George *hated* it.

The fire within him was bursting at the cracks. He glared daggers at the smiley mask. It only mocked him now.

Clay took a step toward him.

He had never even seen Dream's *face*, he couldn't believe he actually thought there was anything reciprocated.

"Fuck *off*, Dream." George snarled.

The man in front of him froze and looked down at his own chest, and then at George's hands.

"You're bleeding."

"So fucking *WHAT* Dream? What do you care anyway? We both know I've never been more than a walking, talking," George inhaled quickly to catch his breath, " *Fuckable* bloodbag to you!"

"George, that isn't—"

Another step forward. George wobbled weakly backwards.

"We both know you never really *cared*. You just used me up, and then once you had your fun—," George's voice broke and he sobbed, throwing his hands up in exasperation, " *YOU JUST MOVED ON!*"

"*Baby.*"

Step.

George felt the familiar warmth of the calming pheromones Dream was sending out. It only pissed him off more.

"*No Dream! Fuck you, fuck you. I fucking hate you!*" He exploded with more broken sobs.

The blonde didn't seem phased by the words. He needed something that would hurt him as much as George was hurting.

“You’re no different than any of the other men I’ve told you about. You used me just like they did!”

Clay frowned but didn’t react any further.

“The worst part is I fell for it! I fell for you! I wish you would’ve just killed me the night we met.” George wiped his eyes with the clean part of the green hoodie sleeves and cried into them.

“*That way I never would’ve fallen in love with you.*”

He watched Dream flinch.

*Found it.*

George looked to the side and hugged himself, subconsciously protecting his already broken heart.

“Fine.” Clay bit out, and George only now noticed his sharpened teeth and he could *see* the self restraint in Dream’s every move. He could feel it sizzling in the air.

George almost forgot he was angry as Dream reached to slide his mask up.

*Holy shit .*

The sharp viridian green eyes devoured him whole. George was completely entranced. He felt himself start to melt as he finally stared into the eyes of the man he loved. *The man who broke him .*

Complete silence filled the thick midnight air.

He couldn’t find any words.

The curly blonde strands of hair were pushed back by the smiley mask. Freckles softly trailed over his cheeks.

Dream's eyes practically glowed in this lighting, George found he couldn't look away.  
*Dream was so perfect and George had lost him.*

"George. *Go to sleep .*"

His eyes fluttered close and he felt his knees give out, everything faded to darkness before he hit the ground.

#### Chapter End Notes

I had so much fun writing this one. If you didn't cry, I'll make it worse.  
I'll give them a happy ending if you follow my twitter though!!

[@meri\\_wether](#)

You can also follow my Instagram!

My twitter [@meriwether\\_135](#)

!!!!!!!

This story has fanart now, and I cannot even begin to express how happy that makes me.

Look up @okkariko on Instagram!

<https://www.instagram.com/p/CMldEdjlXpG/?igshid=mc1ret6zup4u>

They have another one on their alt, which you can find in their bio :)

Thank you for reading!! I love you all.

I am so ridiculously thankful for 800+ kudos.

## Bad Idea

### Chapter Notes

Hello hello :) back again with another update.

I have received so much support for this story and it honestly makes me want to tear up haha. Thank you for 1300 kudos, I cannot believe that that many people read my story and actually enjoyed it haha.

Enjoy!!

My Twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George awoke with a jolt and he sat up. He gasped in a choked breath of air. His head was spinning and he was heavily disoriented. As his blurred vision started to come back into focus though, he realized he was sitting on his bed.

*Did last night even happen?*

When he glanced down at his white bedding, he took in the sight of his securely wrapped hands. The bandages were the only proof that last night wasn't just a dream. George frowned.

Some part of him had hoped it was fake.

He slowly rendered the familiar presence in his room. George raised his gaze to the hallway near his door. There, Dream leaned against his wall with his arms crossed, expression unreadable.

Even from halfway across the room, George felt the irritation buzzing off of the blonde.

He didn't want to see Clay right now. It was only a bitter reminder that Dream would never be his.

Neither spoke for a long while. George wasn't ready to hear the vampire out. If he breathed in too much, he could feel the broken pieces of his heart still scattered in his chest.

George wasn't sure what he had done to deserve this. Time, after time. Partner, after partner.

Why was Clay even here? The atmosphere in the room was thick and unsettling. *He was probably going to kill him*. George's eyes fell to his lap in bitter resignation.

Goosebumps littered up his back and over his arms as his heart sank deeper into his chest.

He wouldn't die without getting all of his broken feelings out.

"Are you ready to talk now?" Dream interrupted the silence. There was a condescending hilt to his words.

Everything had switched so quickly. The previously sweet and protective man sounded like he was ready to off George right now.

It hurt.

George swallowed the stabbing feelings and hardened his expression. He looked back up to the vampire blocking his only exit. He glared daggers.

"Maybe if you take your fucking mask off." George spat.

He could see Clay's visible hesitation. When George glared harder, the blonde seemed to realize he was serious.

George watched his jaw tighten in barely restrained anger. Deep in his chest, a spiteful emotion close to pleasure sizzled. He fought to keep the cocky smirk off of his face.

Dream raised his left hand to his mask. With weighted trepidation, he lifted the ceramic mask up, and slid it off.

George *knew* how much it hurt Dream's pride to take orders. In any other situation, George would have been left with sore thighs and a limp in his gait.

When brown met green again, the world seemed to stop spinning. Even now, he wished things could just return back to normal. He wanted to kiss Clay's cheekbones, and count his freckles. He wanted to get lost in the deep green eyes.

He couldn't help the way his breath caught in the back of his throat. Dream was fucking *beautiful*.

Maybe in a different life, he and Clay could've been happy together.

George threw the blanket off of himself and kicked his legs over the side of his bed. He gripped the sheets angrily.

"George, you're overreacting, surely you must realize that I need to eat—"

"OVERREACTING?" George shot to his feet in a destructive rage.

*And this was easier. Fighting was easier than falling in love.*

"Everything was a *lie*! The time we spent together and the *stupid fucking sweet nothings*, you never meant ANY of it!"

He stomped up to Clay and watched him push himself up off of the wall and stand up straighter.

"So you don't get to tell me—" George jabbed a finger into Clay's chest. "That I'm overreacting! That wasn't just "eating", Clay!" He spoke in a mocking singsong tone and air quoted. "I'm sure if I hadn't interrupted you, you would've taken her back to her apartment to fuck her, too."

Faster than he could have processed, Dream grabbed his wrist and the grip was enough to shut him up temporarily.

All too late, George realized that the closer proximity *definitely* was not the best idea. Especially as electrified heat shot up his spine.

*Fuck.*

The blonde is so much bigger loomed over him like this. His touch is so familiar. It has never once failed to make George's breath hitch. *Very* inconvenient right now.

"How many times do I have to tell you that I *kill* everyone else?"

"How am I supposed to believe you now, Clay?" His voice cracked under frustration. "You told me you were with Sapnap! Then I found you face fucking some-,"

Dream got closer into his face.

"For the *last time* , I was drinking her blood. The endorphins from the bite made her horny. That isn't *my fault* ."

George opened his mouth to speak, but Clay grasped his jaw and he felt a pinch of pain as his fingers dug into the bruises Techno had left last night.

"You know when I bite *you* and *you're* horny? That's how everyone else feels too. The *difference* —," he turned George's head to meet his eyes, "is that I leave them writhing and I come back home to fuck *you* ."

George flicked his gaze downward, to Dream's lips, and then looked back up and glared into deep green.

Dream's words were rational, and George could almost feel himself cracking at the seams.

Before his brain would turn into mush and give into Clay, George scoffed and yanked his head back, out of the vampire's grasp.

"Oh yeah. I'm *sure* , Clay. Where is she now, then?"

“Dead.” Dream tilted his head with annoyance at repeating himself. “I’m sure her corpse is being mauled by some fledgling lowlifes. Definitely a gruesome bloodbath by now. Is *that* what you wanted to hear?” George scoffed. In response, Dream let threatening pheromones slip out and made George’s brain short-circuit for a few moments.

As his mind cleared again, Dream seemed to be waiting for a response.

When he didn’t receive one, his voice lowered and he whispered into George’s ear. “Which is *exactly* where you’d be if I hadn’t saved you. *Again.*” George was hyper focused on the hand that started to trail down his body.

“Don’t fucking touch me.” George tried to shove Dream’s chest, but the vampire easily caught both of his wrists, lifted him into the air, and slammed him into the wall. It was painfully obvious that Dream could’ve effortlessly sent him flying through the drywall if he wanted to.

He felt himself strain in his jeans and he cursed internally.

*Damn him and his strength kink.*

George silently prayed that Dream wouldn’t notice, but as the blonde took in a deep inhale, he was instantly reminded why he didn’t go to church.

He watched as Dream’s pupils dilated.

*Oh, that was new.*

There was something so different about actually seeing Clay’s expressions. It was somehow even more arousing to see how he affected Dream instinctually.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

“Clay, get out.” His voice was shaky, but he tried to keep it as strong as he could.

The blonde stiffened, but a dangerously sharp smirk grew on his face.

“Oh *come on*, George. We both know that isn’t what you *really* want right now.” Dream spread George’s thighs and rubbed his knee between them. It was true. He *wanted* to be railed against the wall right now, but his pride was too big.

George bit his tongue to keep back the moan. He was about to respond but was cut off by Dream pinching his abdomen, just under his rib cage. George couldn’t bite that moan back though.

*Fuck.*

“*RED* . My color is red.” George screeched.

The brunette flinched as Dream dropped his hold on him. He instantly felt the cold air hit him with the separation. *No, no, no. Let him mark you.* His brain screamed at him. George shook his head and glared up at the vampire.

“Get the *fuck* out of my apartment, Clay.” George spat.

“Or *what* , George? You can’t kick me out, I could kill you before you could even scream for help.” Dream sneered down at him.

“Then *do* it. Fucking kill me then.”

Even now, *Clay* had the audacity to look hurt.

“George wait, that wasn’t what I—“ Dream reached out for him again but George slapped his hand away.

“No, Clay! *No*. You might as well just kill me now to save us both the hassle down the line, right?”

Dream pulled back and furrowed his blonde eyebrows. He clenched his hands to keep them

from reaching out again.

“That’s what I fucking thought. Get. *Out.* ” George spoke with a punctuated tone and he matched Dream’s furious gaze.

“Good fucking luck defending yourself. You’ll realize *very* quickly that you need me. Without my protection, I doubt you’ll survive a week.”

Dream grabbed his mask from the counter he had set it on. As the blonde turned his back toward George, he itched to reach out and grab him. Instead, he watched Clay leave.

Painfully enough, he took George’s heart with him. It felt like a permanent piece was now missing.

George took in a shuddered breath and felt the tears threaten to spill over again. This time, he let them. He walked over to the patio door that Dream had exited from and slid down until he crumpled into a sobbing mess in his knees.

Dream left. *This* time, George didn’t know if he would come back.

---

“And then he kicked me out!” Clay yelled and finally took in his hybrid friend’s exasperated state.

Sapnap sat and had his nose pinched between his index and pointer fingers. He let out a deep sigh that nearly resembled a growl.

“So when I told you to go talk to George,” Orange fiery eyes met green. “You, instead of going straight home to him, decided to go and find a woman. Blood or not.” He hissed out another heavy breath. “And now you can’t figure out why George would possibly be upset here?”

Clay opened his mouth to defend himself but ended up drawing blanks.

“Well when you put it like that—,”

“It makes a lot of goddamn sense, doesn’t it? Funny what using a fraction of that muscle inside of that *dense* fucking skull of yours does, huh?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be on *my* side here?” Dream scoffed and scowled at the half-breed.

“Maybe if you had anything other than half-witted excuses. You clearly aren’t taking this blood bond seriously. This is life or death for both of you.” Sapnap grabbed the nearest thing on the lamp table and chucked it at Dream full force. It ended up being a book, and the blonde caught it easily.

“Until you clear your head, you can stay here.” Sapnap groaned and turned toward his room to sleep.

He didn’t need George. He would be just fine without him.

---

He needed George.

Sapnap had been bugging him all week. He loved the hybrid, but it was increasingly difficult to keep his calm when Nick could see right through any facade he put up.

Like right now, the raven haired man had just come back from wherever he had gone. He was giving him this look, similar to one a doting parent might give.

“What? You really think I can’t tell that you haven’t fed all week. Do you forget that I can smell you?”

Dream pulled up his hood and tugged the strings to hide his face. Truthfully, he hadn’t even left Nick’s house since George had kicked him out. If he had left, there was no doubt in his mind where he’d end back up. The blood in the cooler was cold and tasted too chemically modified. His pride was too large to ever stoop down to bloodbags.

“I’m just not hungry.” He weakly grumbled out. It hadn’t even taken a day for his anger to turn into melancholy. A full week later, he was just miserable.

Something in the back of his skull itched to go out and find George. He wanted to know that

George was safe. If the brunette wanted to see him though, Clay was sure he would've tried to seek him out. Dream sat up from his current residency on the leather couch.

*Unless George had been looking for him?*

---

What if he had gotten hurt? Dream's only solace was that Sapnap assured him that he'd feel it if George was killed. He felt his empty gut wrench. No. George was fine. He had to be fine.

For about three weeks, George *had* been fine. Enough, at least.

He had distracted himself from the looming dread and crippling heartbreak by burying himself in his work. George had pulled numerous all-nighters and had gotten a shitload of overtime pay. Coding kept his mind from drifting back to Dream. More or less.

He would accept any extra jobs, he even took on three extra workloads. He worked weekends, even despite the office being closed. He'd just bring his computer home. It would be devastating to any normal worker. Anyone who *didn't* drown themselves in paperwork to forget the very fresh and tender heartbreak.

After the first week, George had actually started to accept that Dream wouldn't be coming back to make amends.

The other members of his development team had continuously asked worried questions. Especially when they would leave at the normal time, and come back in the morning to find George hadn't moved. Or slept.

An especially kind woman on his team named Niki had even gone as far as pulling him from his desk to walk to the diner they used to frequent.

She was sweet, George enjoyed the company of his entire dev team. However, when they had asked what was bothering him, George wasn't sure how to answer. He and Clay weren't 'boyfriends.' It wasn't accurate to call him an ex.

George was very private when it came to keeping personal details out of his work life. He had settled for some fake explanation that probably changed every time.

The insistent itch beneath his skin had spread, it made his entire body buzz unpleasantly. He had discovered that with enough acetaminophen though, the itch had been practically plugged by the medication. The medicine had also quieted his thoughts. It helped him have a clear head when coding.

All was well, until he was called into his boss's office on an unsuspecting Tuesday morning.

George adjusted his tie nervously as he stood outside the door. His collar suddenly felt too tight.

He knocked on the tall, solid wooden door. After a few moments, he heard a loud '*come in*' from inside the office.

He hesitantly twisted the door handle and stepped inside the enclosed space.

His boss stood and greeted him with a polite handshake. "Mr. Davidson! Please, come in, come in." He gestured to the office chair in front of his desk. "Take a seat."

As his boss sat back down behind his desk, George started subconsciously fidgeting with his hands.

"Davidson, you're one of our best workers here at E Corp." George didn't respond, and instead chose to smile politely.

The older man picked up the singular file on his desk and flicked through it. He selected a paper from the folder and George tried to hide the dread gnawing at him. He desperately hoped it wasn't a write up. When his boss met his eyes again, he instantly straightened back up.

"Your performance these past few weeks has been monumental. We deeply appreciate your efforts to better this company. However," George sucked in a silent breath. "Your development team is worried about you."

George bit at the inside of his lip. "I'm quite alright, sir, there's no need to worry."

“Your file shows that you’ve only logged out of the system 13 hours in three weeks. You haven’t been eating or sleeping properly, this could be detrimental for your health. We care about our workers here.”

George spoke up. “What exactly does that mean, sir? It hasn’t been affecting my work ethic. It’s improved, if anything.”

“Yes, Mr. Davidson. You aren’t being fired or let go. This company needs you; and it needs you in the best shape.” He let out the breath he had been holding, but he sensed there was more.

“You will be taking the next week to recover.”

*A full week?* An entire week to be alone to his thoughts. One week to force himself not to go find Dream. One week of bitter fucking loneliness.

“No! No. Please, Mr. Watson. I’d much rather be here.” George accidentally begged before he could stop himself.

“Nonsense. You deserve a break.”

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

“Sir, I desperately need the pay. Money is tight right now. I can’t afford to—,” He lied through his teeth.

“Paid time off, then. What are you avoiding at home, Davidson? Are you having troubles with your wife?” *Wife?* George had to physically hold back his laugh.

“No, sir.”

“Go pack up and head home.” George sighed quietly in response.

“Yes, sir.” The brunette stood to leave. He had his hand on the handle when his boss spoke

again.

“And leave your computer here.”

“Yes, sir.” He begrudgingly agreed.

George trudged back to his desk with his tail between his legs. He wasn’t sure how he was supposed to avoid thinking about his boy troubles now.

---

George barely held back the tears as he slammed his front door shut. He dropped his sopping wet work bag somewhere on the floor.

In a haze of anger and frustration, he grabbed his phone from his pocket and chucked it at his wall. The distinct sound of shattering snapped him from his reverie.

He just stared blankly at the cracked phone on the floor.

His apartment was so quiet that he would’ve actually preferred the cricket noise that usually followed awkward silence.

*No one reached out to him anymore anyway. He didn’t need his phone .*

All he could hear was the pouring rain. The universe seemed to be laughing at him, if his soaked clothes were anything to go off of.

It was depressing.

He fell back onto his now wet bed as the dampness of his clothes seeped into the mattress. His head was ringing to make up for the absence of noise.

One of his arms lazily covered his eyes. Water droplets trickled down his face. He couldn’t find it in himself to care anymore. His thoughts naturally drifted to the vampire, now that he didn’t have anything else to focus on.

With a deep longing, he let his mind drift to Clay.

*Soft lips kissing up his neck.* It had been so easy to fall in love with Dream. He'd been infatuated plenty of times, but the vampire made him want more out of his life for the first time. He ached to kiss Clay's intoxicating lips just once more. To feel protected and loved again, even if it was fake.

*Big hands trailing up his side and consuming him whole.* Dream didn't love him, and Dream wasn't coming back.

He couldn't tell anymore of it was his own tears streaming down his face or the rainwater from his soaked sleeve. *Did it matter?*

The immortal had most likely moved on already. It didn't make sense for him to bother with George anymore when he could get anyone he wanted. Anyone that didn't instantly fall for the enticing blond was an idiot.

Despite himself, he smiled sadly. At least Dream was happy. He didn't have to waste his energy on George anymore. It was a bittersweet comfort to him. Dream was probably warming someone else's bed by now. It was fine. George genuinely found he was happy for him. His own feelings were so minuscule in the grand scheme of Dream's immortal life.

*He could only hope that he wouldn't be forgotten once he was dead and gone*. He closed his eyes.

George couldn't remember falling asleep, but the bothersome itch had reared its head back up into George's focus and woken him up. He absently reached over to his nightstand for more acetaminophen. When he picked up the pill bottle, it was painstakingly light. Sudden panic flooded George's senses.

*No, no, no, no.*

He couldn't be out of pills. His eyes shot to his clock on the wall: *8:37PM*. The pharmacy closed at six during weekdays. *Fuck*. The universe really had it out for him, his bad luck really just seemed to keep piling up.

George leaned over his bed and held his face in his hands. Without the pills to block the dam of the buzzing ache beneath his skin, he felt it taking over his body. It no doubt had to do with Dream, but there wasn't anything he could do about that now.

He couldn't just google vampire bite symptoms. It would all just be stupid legends, nothing to actually tell him what was going on within his body.

George almost wondered if he was dying. Maybe the reason that Dream hadn't bothered to come back to kill him was because he knew that George's body would just kill itself anyway. He frowned to himself but realized it was probably more likely than he wanted to admit.

It felt like he had lost circulation in his body and the tingling feeling after it had just woken up. It had become less of an itch and more so thousands of needles pricking under his skin.

God, he was fucking *miserable*.

At least he could always fall back into his old habits. If he could rely on sex and alcohol to distract him before Dream, he could definitely rely on it after him too.

That was how he ended back up at the bar he had started to consider his second home.

The music gave him a headache. It usually drowned out his loud thoughts. This time though, his thoughts were louder.

Three drinks in, he finally started to feel lighter. His body's persistent buzzing had settled into a low hum. Flashing lights around him blurred. He had zoned out while watching the ice clink against the sides of his glass.

Bars were more fun when he had Dream to keep him company.

*Okay. Still too sober.*

He raised the glass to alert the bartender for a refill.

George gulped the drink down quickly and wiped his mouth. He took a quick glance around the club and caught a pair of eyes already watching him from across the room. *Tall. Blonde.* The corners of his lips quirked upward in interest.

*Good enough .*

The blonde smiled sweetly at him. George smirked back hungrily.

He couldn't lie to himself and pretend the man didn't resemble Dream. A few more drinks could make him forget that fact though.

Except it didn't.

When he finally felt inebriated enough to stop thinking about the man that still *very much so* held his heart, he made his way over to the man. Blondie was with a group of friends, but George couldn't give less of a fuck. His friends quickly dispersed as George made his way through the crowd. One even patted the blonde on the back in congratulations as he left.

He was likely just a few years younger than George, probably in the twenty three to twenty four range.

"What's a pretty thing like you doing sitting all by yourself—?" The blonde spoke and George quickly cut him off by pulling him into a heated kiss. He heard the man gasp but he didn't pull back from the kiss, and instead started to kiss George back.

*This was a bad idea .* His brain tried to tell him. The blonde slowly backed him up against the oak walls of the booming club. The man pulled back and grabbed George's ass to pull him closer. When he looked into his eyes, the brunette was almost shocked to not find the glowing green eyes staring back at him. Instead he was met with a dull blue.

George couldn't keep himself from furrowing his eyebrows in disappointment. The blonde clearly took the expression as George being disappointed that he stopped though.

“Don’t give me that look, pretty. I’ll take you back to my apartment and treat you real nice, okay?” George had to fight not to roll his eyes. He hated being treated like a porcelain doll. He pulled the man down by his collar and growled.

“I want you to fuck me. *I want it hard.*”

The blonde widened his eyes and George could feel the stupid hesitation. This man was so painfully human. He wasn’t Dream and he never would be. Blondie nodded eagerly though, and softly pulled George out the doors.

As the last few drinks finally set in, twenty minutes passed like seconds. Before he knew it, he was pressed up against a foreign bedroom wall.

*Bad idea.*

Hands were under his shirt, and he heard the blonde speak again through his frantic touching.

“*Darling you’re so pretty, it hurts.*”

George couldn’t think straight anymore. The blonde’s face was blurred and he could only faintly make out his clothes on the floor.

*Bad idea.*

He couldn’t feel anything other than his orgasm slowly building. This was nice. He was close.

And then it stopped.

It felt like a freezing bucket of water had been doused over him.

He blinked hard and he realized that the blonde had already finished.

*What?*

*No, no, no.*

*This wasn't fucking fair.*

“I’m sorry, I can’t go anymore.” The blonde was panting beneath him and George felt rage boil within him. How had he actually forgotten that Dream was the only one that could actually satisfy him? *It wasn’t fair.*

He felt frustrated tears burning at the corners of his eyes. It would never be enough. Clay had ruined him.

“Oh, *oh shit*. Wait. Are you actually crying? Fuck I’m sorry. I don’t know how you go so long man.” The blonde obviously wasn’t sure where to put his hands. He reached out to try and comfort the brunette but his hand was slapped away.

George angrily wiped his tears and stumbled off of the bed in a pissed state.

“Uh, wait are you leaving? I can still give you a handjob or someth—,”

George hastily put his boxers back on and tucked his aching dick back in. Without any more words, he slipped his jeans on and he could only process the empty rage in his brain. George didn’t even bother to slip his shirt all the way back on before he was walking out the door.

He ignored the blonde’s attempts to get him to come back, and slammed the door a little harder than he had intended.

He knew deep down that no one else would ever be as good as the vampire. He couldn’t even lie to himself anymore. There was no denying it now.

He was alone.

Alone again.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!! I have definitely exceeded the amount of followers I had expected to get from threatening last chapter haha. You'll get a happy ending, just trust me.

Feel free to leave kudos and a comment :))

You can also add me over on my Twitter [@meri\\_wether](https://twitter.com/meri_wether)

Or my Instagram My Twitter [@meriwether\\_135](https://www.instagram.com/meriwether_135)

## Aftermath

### Chapter Notes

Guess who's baaaack ;)  
THANK YOU FOR 1500 KUDOS <33  
My Twitter [@meri\\_wether](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream curled in on himself in fetal position as the cravings overtook his body. His fangs ached for something, *anything* to bite into.

Three weeks without George and he had actually given into one of Sapnap's cold blood bags. He desperately gulped it down. It tasted like acid on his tongue. He couldn't help instantly coughing it all back up.

It burned in his lungs as he rasped it all out and onto the tiled floor of the kitchen.

*George.*

He was pathetic without George. It was hard to admit that he had become so reliant on a human. *Then again, George wasn't just any human.*

He felt foreign tears start to blur his vision. Dream couldn't tell if it was from the coughing or the fact that he had fucked things up with George so badly.

These feelings felt like parasites in his chest. Crawling through his throat and biting under his skin. He was used to anger. He understood lust. He just couldn't grasp the niggling *heartache* without George. It wasn't something he ever expected to feel.

They were eating him alive. Consuming him whole. It was terrifying to finally feel like the prey instead of the predator.

Sapnap walked back into the kitchen and gasped as he saw the blood spat on his floor, the blonde crumpled on the ground, gagging on the blood.

The hybrid leaned down to rub his back, trying to ignore the distaste of the mess on his floor. Blood was always such a pain to clean up.

He was so focused on his friend in a coughing fit, that he took a little too long to realize the blood was coming out black.

His eyes widened in shock and he grabbed Dream's shoulders to shake him.

"I fucking warned you, idiot! Fuck this. I'm calling George." He stood and left the room in a hurry. Dream growled in response at the mention of George but the hybrid ignored it.

Sapnap pulled his phone from his pocket and quickly scrolled through his contacts.

He clicked on George's contact and waited as the tantalizing rings echoed through the room.

After eight long rings, he impatiently hung up and called right back.

*Come on, pick up. Pick up. Dream needs you.*

No answer.

Once again, he called. No answer.

He tried to look at George's location but it only read ***disconnected***.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. This wasn't good. Dream was fucking dying in his kitchen *and making a huge mess*. He had no other way to find him.

He knew Dream would be able to find him in a heartbeat if he would just pull his head out of his ass.

Right now though, he wasn't sure he could trust the blonde to safely complete the blood bond without killing George.

Well fuck. If Dream couldn't take the blood bags, and he couldn't contact George... *he'd just have to find him himself.*

He sighed and glanced at his friend in his kitchen. He had stopped coughing his guts up, and instead just lay weakly on the floor. All he felt was sympathy for his blond vampire friend. He never thought he would see the once murderous vampire having boy troubles.

Sapnap raked his hands through his hair in stress and rubbed his temples. George was predictable. He could find him.

He grabbed his keys and yelled something back to the man on his floor.

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“I’ll be back. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do; which is anything stupid!”

George stared blankly at the brick wall of the dimly lit alleyway. The cool city night air blew through his hair. There was a man kissing his neck and groping him. The brunette just stared past his shoulder and wondered if it was worth it anymore.

Without Dream, his world was dull. The colors that once seemed so vibrant were only a reminder now at what he had lost. The blonde had moved on. George wished he could too.

He couldn't though. Man after man, meaningless fuck after another, each only leaving him empty and unsatisfied.

It was a small comfort, at least. Even if George wasn't worth anything more than a quick fuck, even if no one wanted to form anything past that, at least he knew he was attractive. *Or maybe he was just easy.*

When the sloppy mouth pulled away from his neck and looked down at him, George hoped he wouldn't speak.

“You stopped moaning. Are you not enjoying this?” Boring green eyes looked offended and George quickly pulled back on his facade.

“It felt so good I couldn’t even think. Please continue, I need you *so* badly, *please.*” George let more sarcasm sink into his words. He hoped the nameless man wouldn’t see through it.

The man’s eyes lit up and he reached his hand into George’s jeans and grabbed his hardening dick.

*He couldn’t believe that actually worked .*

George rolled his eyes. The fragile ego of a man was too easy to inflate.

This man was clearly married. If the indent on his ring finger said anything.

He didn’t care. He knew he was being used. He was sure he was plenty of people’s dirty little secret.

He glanced downward at the man’s neck and decided to kiss him back. Intentionally leaving dark hickeys.

George smiled absently as he realized he’d be making this man’s life just as miserable as his own. It made him feel better.

He closed his eyes and let himself imagine that it was Dream kissing his neck instead.

His thought process was heavily delayed by the alcohol coursing through his veins. He was quite surprised when he realized the friction on his dick had ceased. *What?*

George realized the other man had been ripped away from him. He half expected to see Dream. *Instead ,* he was met with two unfamiliar faces.

One man and a woman slightly shorter than himself.

Both people were observing him closely. The purple haired woman sized him up and scoffed to her partner.

“This is it? *He*’s the one Techno is having problems with?”

*Vampires.*

Her red haired friend shrugged. “He doesn’t look like he could do a damn thing. He doesn’t even smell like Dream anymore.”

George frowned and looked to the side angrily. Good to know he couldn’t avoid Dream even indirectly.

The woman stepped closer, she inhaled and startled George as she buckled over in laughter. He felt a little more threatened. *What was so funny?*

Her friend looked at her in confusion and sniffed George more closely as well.

“Oh *shit* . They have an incomplete blood bond?”

George was tired of being left out of the loop. “What the fuck is a blood bond?”

They ignored him and continued to speak amongst themselves.

“Two birds with one stone, yeah? Let’s just kill him right now before that dickhead Dream can come to his rescue.” She grabbed a fistful of his hair and slammed his head into the wall. *For fucks sake.*

His head was ringing with the impact, the area grew hot. He hoped he didn’t have a concussion now. George had his eyes squeezed shut as he winced in pain. His skull was throbbing.

The man stepped forward and tried to get in between them. “Minx, you *dumbass* . You know the mission. Retrieve him *alive* . Techno will have our heads and you *know it*.”

She scoffed and pressed George’s head deeper into the brick wall. He bit his lip to try to distract from the pain on his head. At least it wasn’t bleeding.

“I’d be doing him a favor to kill this brat. It doesn’t make any sense. Dream’s probably on his way now.” *Doubt it*. “We should just kill him *now* before anyone interferes.”

She pulled out a silver dagger, it gleamed almost beautifully in the reflection of the moon.

Her partner grabbed her wrist. “*Minx*. His death isn’t worth your life.”

She scowled and yanked her hand away. She lifted it to George’s throat.

“*Maybe not* , but *Dream’s* is.”

The woman, *Minx* , apparently, lifted George’s head up to expose his neck even more.

*How did he always find himself right back in the hands of death?*

George spit in her face and watched as rage took over her facial features.

“You little *shit* . I’ll fucking kill you!”

In a flash, her elbow met George’s nose and he felt blood drip over his lips. She dug the knife into his throat, it wasn’t any more than a thin cut. She was distracted as her friend choked out a gurgled moan and fell to his knees. His veins bulged out and turned black, as if tar black tar ran through his veins instead of blood.

“Fundy what the—,” She turned around and George followed her gaze.

*It's just one thing after another.*

He hoped deep in his chest that it was his vampire. *Maybe he had finally come back .*

George sucked in an almost disappointed breath as he was once again wrong. He met Sapnap's firey orange eyes. He held a bloodied stake and looked deeply annoyed.

He suddenly realized the situation. *Did Dream send Sapnap to kill him?*

The hand was released from his hair and the brunette rubbed the tender skin and his hand made its way to the back of his head.

It *hurt* , but when he brought his hand back in front of him, there wasn't any blood.

“Who sent you?”

George looked up and saw that the hybrid held the purple haired woman by the collar of her shirt. She scowled but didn't respond.

“I *asked* , who fucking *sent you* ?”

He pressed the wooden stake to her chest and growled in her face. It was strange to remember that the hybrid wasn't always the fun, light-hearted man that George knew.

*Should he run? Would he even have a chance?*

George weighed the possible exits in his head, but his mind told him that it wasn't worth it anymore. *Nothing was.*

Maybe he should just let the hybrid he had once considered a friend kill him.

“Take a wild guess, dipshit.”

Sapnap scoffed and tilted his head with a smirk. “I thought as much. It must be embarrassing to take orders from a pig.”

She opened her mouth again to speak, but he cut her off. “Tell your *boss*, that next time he tries to hurt George, I’ll make sure Dream deals with him.”

Minx glared but grabbed her dead friend anyway. Before George could even blink, he was left alone with Sapnap.

He sighed and slumped against the wall. He didn’t have any fight left. His spark left with Dream.

“How did you find me?” George spat with more venom than he had intended. He wiped his bleeding nose with the back of his hand.

“I figured you’d be around here, once I caught the scent of your blood, I came as quickly as I could.”

George scoffed.

“I don’t understand you. Just *do it*.”

Sapnap brushed some of the black blood off of his hands and onto his dark pants. He dusted his shirt and stopped. He looked up at George in confusion.

“Do what?”

Of course he’d play stupid. Dream liked to play with his head, why wouldn’t Sapnap too?

“Just kill me. I know why you’re here.”

Sapnap frowned and sighed. He dropped the wooden stake and it clattered to the pavement. George watched as he ran his hand through his hair. He stepped toward the shorter brunette and grabbed his shoulders.

Brown wary eyes met orange and everything blurred when Sapnap shook him violently.

“Look, George? I need you to snap out of whatever dumbass suicidal headspace you’re in. If you die, Dream will die too. I’m not going to fucking kill you.”

George swore he could feel his brain rattle in his skull. When Sapnap finally released his shoulders, he felt refocused.

“I’ve been trying to keep your bitchass boyfriend out of his depressive episode for the past three weeks. It seems you haven’t been much better off though.”

George frowned and broke eye contact. He spoke in a small voice. “He wasn’t my boyfriend.”

“*Right*, George. Of *course* he wasn’t. Let’s go back to your house. I seriously need to talk to you because Dream is incompetent.”

Sapnap pulled on George’s sleeve and he followed like a lost puppy.

The hybrid looked back at him and frowned. It was the look that George *hated*. The look of pity.

“Why the hell haven’t you been answering your phone? I must have called like thirty times, and it said your location wasn’t on either.”

George mumbled, but he knew Sapnap could hear him. “It’s broken.”

“Why didn’t you get a new one then?”

“Who else would call me?”

Sapnap let out a heavy breath through his nose. His expression deepened and he loosened his tight grip on George’s wrist.

They walked up to a car that George recognized and Sapnap got inside, he hesitated but got in on the passenger side.

George sat down and intentionally didn’t buckle his seatbelt. He hoped the hybrid wouldn’t notice.

Though, by the telling gaze burning a hole in the back of his head, he’d say he hadn’t been so fortunate.

“*Seatbelt.*”

George mumbled under his breath quietly. “ ‘s fine. I’m close by.”

He could feel Sapnap frown behind him.

“I’m not losing you to something stupid like a car accident. If you die, Dream dies too.”

George huffed and pulled the strap over his shoulder and buckled it in.

“Why does everyone keep saying that? I don’t fucking get it.”

“I’m assuming Dream didn’t explain anything to you the night everything happened. So, you and Dream have an incomplete blood bond...”

---

George sat on his bed with his knees pulled to his chest. Sapnap had gotten him tissues to put in his nose.

“He’d be bonded with me forever? What if...”, the brunette trailed off.

“What if, *what* ?”

“What if he gets tired of me? I mean he already found someone else anyway.” He lowered his voice toward the end of his sentence.

Sapnap shifted closer to George on the bed and pulled him into a half hug. They sat against the head of the bed.

“George, I know it’s hard. I know you’re jealous, but your blood alone can’t sustain Dream. He’d kill you.”

“But they were *kissing* .”

Sapnap just wished his friends could be happy. It’s hard to see them both so clearly pining over the other.

“I’m not defending him, it was stupid. I told him to go straight to you but I suppose he was overwhelmed by the whole blood bond. He didn’t want to force you to be immortal with him.”

George just nodded sadly. He didn’t respond.

“He loves you, Georgie. Even if he’s too stupid and disconnected from human emotions to actually tell you. He’s on my kitchen floor right now sobbing.”

George glanced up at him, teary-eyed. “Why is he crying?”

“His pride was too big. I think it finally hit him how much he actually missed you. I’ve never even seen him cry, *especially* not like that.”

He could see the doubt in George's eyes and smell it in the air. Sapnap wondered who made George so vulnerable when it came to love. This felt deeper than just Dream. He suspected that this wasn't the first time George was going through something like this.

"How do *you* feel about it? The bond?"

"Oh Sapnap." George sighed and laughed bitterly. "If I saw Dream I'd still kiss him." He wiped his stray tears with his hoodie sleeve and snorted brokenly. Sapnap could hear the hurt behind it.

"I'd choose to spend eternity by Dream's side in a heartbeat. No questions asked." George's eyes welled with tears again. "And I love him. I love him, I love him, *I love him*. I never told him because I was too fucking terrified that he'd leave...", George's voice broke, "*too*."

As George sobbed into his knees, Sapnap rubbed comforting circles onto his shoulder and hugged him closer.

He never knew how alone George really was. His words echoed in Sapnap's head. *Who else would call me?*

George had mentioned briefly that he wasn't in contact with his family anymore. He never spoke about any other friends, or meaningful acquaintances. *Outside of himself and Dream.*

No wonder he was so scared of being forgotten. Scared of people leaving. George had *no one* else. At least he and Dream had each other.

"Oh *god* I miss him Sap." He sniffed and wiped more of his tears. "I've tried everything to forget about him. I've tried alcohol, other men, and *more* alcohol. It wasn't the same. *None* of them were Dream. This damn itch beneath my skin won't *leave*. I know it has to do with Dream, but he never came *back*."

Sapnap released a relaxing scent into the room and George softened next to him. "You can't keep doing this to yourself, man. You're killing your body, it's already going through enough. Human bodies are fragile. You need to be nice to yours."

He soothed George with warm scents and heard his breathing slow down. Sapnap looked

down at his friend and watched his eyes struggling to stay open. George's ragged breathing slowly switched to steady breaths.

"Take a nap. You deserve it. Things will be better soon."

George nodded and snoozed gently on his shoulder.

His human friend was so fragile. He was finally starting to understand why Dream was so protective over their mortal friend.

---

Eventually, Sapnap left. He decided that George needed the rest.

As he drove home, he couldn't help but hope these idiots would figure it out soon.

He walked up the steps to his home and unlocked the door. Sapnap paused to listen for Clay. When he didn't hear any noises, he closed his front door slowly, his mind was full of deep suspicion. Dream wasn't usually this quiet.

The blonde's scent was still as potent as ever. He was in the house.

*What was happening?*

There was a loud sound of something clattering next to him. It caught him off guard. From the other direction, came Dream.

The blonde effortlessly picked him up by the collar of his shirt and threw him into the door. The wood cracked against the force.

Sapnap glared. That door would be expensive.

"Dream you motherfuc—,"

“Why do you smell like George?” The blonde snarled in his face.

*Bonds make people fucking crazy.*

“I was saving his sorry ass!” Sapnap tightly gripped the wrists holding him up.

“What did you *do* to him?” Dream was sniffing the air. He hadn’t expected the second-hand scent of George to set his friend off this much.

Dream’s hackles were raised. Sapnap would be more pissed if he couldn’t smell the protectiveness in the air.

“I just fucking told you that I *rescued* him.”

“*From who?*”

He could see the sense fade back into Dream’s eyes. The rational side of his brain.

“Two of Techno’s lackeys. He’s planning something.”

Dream released his hold on Sapnap’s shirt and he fell against the door with a grunt.

“Where’s George now? Is he safe?”

Sapnap stood and made a dramatic motion of straightening his shirt collar.

“Of course he’s safe. You think I would just leave him there?” Sapnap grumbled. “He’s at his house.”

Dream tripped over himself while walking toward the door. In this lighting, Sapnap could see the defined bags under his eyes. His grayed skin. The sheen of Dream’s sweat reflected off of

his cheeks. *He looked terrible* .

The blonde grabbed the handle but Sapnap stopped him.

“Where the hell are you going? You should give George some space.”

He stepped out and growled, though not at Sapnap.

“I’m going to remind that pig bastard who he’s dealing with.”

#### Chapter End Notes

If you follow any of my platforms, you’ve probably seen my next teaser!! But it isn’t in this chapter....? Hmm... I hope nothing terrible happens in the last chapter. That’d just be cruel.

I promised a happy ending but I never said they have to be happy until we get there. Anyway!!! Thank you so much for reading!!!

I’ve rethought a lot of things, where I want this story to go and how I want it to end.

Thankfully I have help now <33

Follow me on Twitter OR Instagram :)

Twitter: [@meri\\_wether](#)

Instagram: [@meriwether\\_135](#)

## In the End

### Chapter Notes

Here we are!! Final chapter of Marked!!

I sincerely hope you all enjoy.

Be sure to thank my beloved beta reader over on twitter for slaving over this chapter with me <33

[@htmowlet](#)

They're the reason we got this chapter out!!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dream, you can't be serious.”

Sapnap held a tight grip on his arm. Dream didn't even have enough strength to pull away. They both knew it.

Dream couldn't meet his friend's eyes.

“ *Clay.* ”

“I *have* to go. I can't have George at risk. He—,” Dream barely concealed the regret in his voice. “George deserves so much better. As long as that bastard is alive, he'll never be safe.” The night air blew against his already cold face. It seemed to be trying to warn him.

The hybrid stepped in front of him and grabbed both of his arms, forcing him to make eye contact. “He'll kill you.” But he handed Dream his mask anyway. “You *have* to know that he's expecting this reaction from you, right? It's a trap.”

“I know it is.” Dream shakily reached up and half smiled at Sapnap, grabbing his arm. “I can't die. Not if I'll take George down with me.”

A deep, resigned sigh fell from his friend's lips. He could clearly see him holding back tears. “You've always been a stubborn fucker.” He laughed but it sounded too bitter to be genuine. “This better not be goodbye. I swear to god if you die, I'll find a way to bring you back and then I'll kill

you myself.”

Dream laughed with him but it was more of a strained cough. Sapnap turned away from him. He crossed his arms and looked completely closed off. He trusted Dream, but that didn’t mean he wanted to see him march straight into demise.

“ *You better come back to us .*” The monotonous line still had a sharp edge to it. The hybrid was terrified, but he was too stubborn to vocalize it.

At that, the cracked door shut in his face. *He would need to pay him back for that one.* He hadn’t realized it had cracked to the other side.

He slipped on his mask and blended into the shadows.

---

A crude set of knocking on his door startled him awake.

“ *Dream, someone is at the door.*” George attempted to shake Dream awake. It made him ache, it wasn’t fair that their moment had to be interrupted by an unexpected guest.

*It was warm, in Dream’s embrace.*

*It was safe here.*

He could feel himself being pulled from the safe serenity that the dream held him in. George blinked and watched Dream fade into a bundle of pillows he had been holding. *How cruel.*

A second pounding knock sounded at George’s front door. *At this time of night?* He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and stumbled toward his door. Another brash set of knocks echoed through his apartment. *They’ll wake everyone else in the building at this point.*

George kept the chain lock in the socket as he opened the door a crack. Two *big* men stood in the hallway in front of his door. *This couldn’t possibly be good .*

---

“*Dream!* What a pleasant surprise.” Sarcasm soaked Technoblade’s prideful greeting.

The guards keeping watch at the entrance hadn’t even stood a chance. Dream tore through the first one, and the second human tried to run, but the vampire was too fast. Blood soaked his clothing and dropped from his mouth. What vampire had *human* guards anyway?

When he burst through the rickety old doors of the abandoned storage building, the pig man was already expecting him. There was a wooden chair sat in the middle of the room, seemingly unoccupied.

“Apparently breaking your arm wasn’t enough. I spared you, but I should’ve killed you then.” Dream spat.

He could see Technoblade frown under the snout of his mask.

“I see that you took care of my watchmen. It’s *dreadfully* difficult to find willing volunteers these days.” Dream’s threat had only been ignored.

Dream only glared at him. He could see the obvious annoyance rising in the pig’s stance.

“You aren’t usually this sloppy.” He feigned disappointment. There was an obvious taunt to the hilt of his voice. “*Has something set you off?*”

Dream let out a guttural growl. He wiped the remaining blood from his face and glared daggers at the pig mask. “You know *very* well why I’m here, you motherfucker.”

The blonde leaned back and stretched his arms to the air, cracking his knuckles. When he straightened again from the stretch, he lowered himself to prepare to fight. Dream clenched his fists and let out a heavy breath.

Technoblade shrugged and threw his hands in the air in a questioning taunt. “*Do I?*”

“A little birdie told me that you’ve been sending your fledgling vampires to take care of George. *I’m* here to tear your spine from your body.”

“*Are you now?*” To prove his point, Dream put all of his lackluster strength into launching himself into Techno’s torso to take him down to the ground. It worked, but as soon as they hit the cement flooring, Techno spoke. “Well, *my* birdie,” the pink haired vampire kneed Dream right in the side, sending him flying painfully to the right, “Mentioned that you two weren’t *involved* anymore. This shouldn’t even affect you.”

*He was underprepared for this fight.* Deep down, he knew he couldn’t take Techno at full strength in his current state, *but it never hurt to rough him up.*

Dream sputtered out a cough on impact. When he finally came back to his weakened senses, he looked up just in time to see a metal pipe swinging toward his head.

He ducked just in time and quickly rolled out of the way as another swing landed right where his body had previously been. Dream looked up to the eyes of Techno’s mask.

“You *know* why it still affects me.”

“This is sad, *really*. Just *terribly* insulting that you think you could take me in such a pathetically weakened state.” Techno placed the pipe on his shoulder as Dream shakily stood to his feet, half-hunched over, nursing his now bruised side. “Denying your instincts will only make you weaker.”

The blonde scoffed and realized the way it echoed off of the thin metal walls.

“I don’t need to be well fed to defeat you.” *He definitely did.*

“Right. Right. Of course not.” Techno caught the pipe threateningly in the palm of his hand. “Says the man that lets a *human* break up with him and the human *lives* to tell the tale. How *pathetic* you’ve become.”

His instincts are delayed, he hardly even realized that Techno had appeared behind him before he whacked the back of his kneecaps to make them buckle. Dream is sent hurdling over, collapsing onto the floor. *Weak.* His mind supplied.

*He could never protect George in this state.* Dream stands pathetically back up and sends a sharp fist right toward Technoblade's cheekbone. It's restricted instantly. Said hand is now pinned behind his back as Techno harshly gripped at his hair.

"This little *display* of yours was amusing at first, but I've had just about enough."

The reality of the situation finally seemed to catch up to him as his instincts started to kick into fight or flight. *Sapnap was right. He was too weak.* The outskirts of his vision started to blur together. His sense of smell heightened as he searched frantically for a way out.

"*Dream, my friend, it's annoying to see you in this state, you know just as well as I do what will fix your little...problem.*"

Clay coughed harshly as Techno stepped on his back and held him to the ground with his boot.

"Since you've lost all of your wit and rationale, *I've* decided to help you out."

Dream is holding onto his sense of mind by mere threads, and they threaten to snap as his fight or flight kicks in.

The storage house doors crash open, and any hold over his self restraint disappears. He's hit with an overwhelming scent that he can't even try to place right now.

A deep, jagged sense of possessiveness crawls through his veins; dark and smoky, creating a potent, angry desire to claim.

Whatever this smell was, he *needed* to taste it. *Again.* Again? It smelled so right, he wanted to make this scent belong to him. It was home. This smell was what he needed to defeat... *who?* He struggled beneath the weight pressed to his back. The scent above him smelled *wrong*. It was a threat to the other scent that called out to him.

*Where was he? Why was he here?*

He thinks he hears someone scream his name. *It sounds familiar.* Who was calling him?

All he knew was that his fangs fucking *ached* to tear into that scent. He wanted to watch the blood spill out, suck the life out to make the source *beg* for his bond. *No. Not him.* The conflicting thoughts in his head made him growl louder.

There was a faded sound of heavy impact and the smell exploded in the room.

The voice in his head *didn't matter* when the weight from his back was released.

---

He stumbled into the foreign area with his hands bound behind his back. As his eyes adjusted to the bright lighting in the large room, he blinked hard and squinted.

There were two figures in the middle of the room, one stood on top of the other. When his vision finally cleared, he recognized the pink braid and king's cloak. A loud growl startled George out of his thoughts, the man pinned on the ground was no other than—

“*DREAM!*” George sobbed out. *Fuck*, he looked terrible. Blood covered his clothes and George took in the bruises across his face, his bleeding lip. Guilt wrenched in his heart. *Why wasn't Dream fighting back? Had the bond really impacted him this negatively?*

Technoblade laughed and pressed the pipe in his hand to press Dream's face into the cement. “George! How kind of you to join us!” The shout echoed in the room and rang in his ears.

In a sudden jolt of strength, George pulled away from the men holding him. He screamed out, “What have you *done* to him?”

Techno scoffed. “*Me?* I'm not the one that's been killing him slowly each day. That's *all* you!”

George took a proper look around him. There were stray men in every corner of the room. What was this? *A set up?* He felt like an animal in an exhibit. Dream growled louder this time. *Or was he the prey?*

He gasped as a large pair of hands grabbed at his restraints, pulling him toward the wooden chair that promised to break under his weight. George flailed and jerked to attempt to break free.

His voice broke as he screamed in anger. “Don’t fucking *touch* me!” He kicked at the man behind him, which sent George tumbling face first into the cold cement. His cheek hit the floor and the impact reverberated through his bones. After a couple of seconds, he could feel something wet forming on his cheek.

He couldn’t tell if it was blood or tears anymore.

George was picked back up and thrown into the chair. The man grumbled and gripped his wrists harshly. “*Sit the fuck down, you brat.*” He nearly bit his tongue as he was slammed into the wooden seat.

“*Dream!* Please—,” he interrupted himself with an anguished sob. “You *need* to snap out of it. They’ll kill us both!” George could feel tears forming as the ropes binding his wrists started to rub his skin raw.

“Just let him go...” George whispered, his voice was worn from screaming. He slumped over, brunette strands fell to cover his eyes in defeat.

“Are you sure that’s what you really want?” Technoblade clicked his tongue. “Alright.” He dragged the word out. True to his word, he removed his boot digging into Dream’s back.

George stifles a relieved sob, he pulls his head up to meet Dream’s face. He’d known that Dream wasn’t entirely coherent, but he wasn’t expecting to be met with a feral beast.

Dream stood, hunched over as he limped toward him. The men that previously restrained him back away, George heard a few chuckles as it became apparent what was about to happen.

The brunette knew he should be scared. He should be begging to be released, fighting to get out of his current demise. Still, he felt himself soften.

Three painful weeks apart, and the time had finally come. *Dream was back.* He needed

George's help. George eyed Dream's wounds, black blood soaked his clothes where the wounds were the worst.

There was an obvious contrast between the...obviously human blood spattered on his clothing to his own wounds.

A harsh wave of Dream's pheromones locked George in place. *He wasn't planning on leaving anyway.* Dream staggered closer, and George can see glimpses of *his* Clay just beneath the surface of this bloodthirsty creature.

*There was still hope.*

When the monster of a man finally reached him, George fell in love all over again. *He had missed him. Despite the circumstances, he was finally back.*

Dream jumped onto him and the wooden chair split under the force, sending them both falling to the floor.

The blonde growled in his face and nipped at the air just in front of his nose. George lay on the floor with his beloved vampire straddling his hips, he can't help but smile. Dream, even in his disoriented state, tore through the ropes that restrained George's wrists.

Dream leaned over George's face, and it's here. *Here* where he was meant to be all along. Here, in their own world. No technoblade. No men watching them. Just Dream and George.

It's clear as day that Dream is hesitating. He's growling in George's face, but he's holding himself back. Even as drool drops onto his cheek, George just grimaces and wipes it away with a happy smile.

Dream licked an animalistic stripe up his sore cheek. His tongue was *cold*. There was a slight tingling on his cheek as the bloodied wound slowly healed.

He almost cried in relief at the familiar sensation.

Dream flooded George with powerful pheromones. It was always amusing to see the slightest bit of pheromones slip out when Dream tasted his blood, *this time though*, it was far less controlled.

*He'd definitely have a headache tomorrow.*

George lifted the mask up and cupped Dream's sweaty and cold cheek tenderly. Dream's skin was slightly grayed and lacked the usual pink and healthy tint.

It made George's heart hurt.

It was painfully obvious that Dream hadn't been eating. It shouldn't have ever gotten this bad.

His poor creature snarled and nipped at the air around him, his tongue drew a wet streak up his skin, just tasting him.

"*You taste delicious.*" Dream hissed threateningly in his ear. The voice was almost foreign in his lover's mouth. George mumbled an almost silent, *thank you*.

"I'm going to make you mine." He hissed with a sly grin, his fangs protruded from his mouth; it looked dreadfully sore.

George nodded and lifted the smiley mask off of Dream's face, when he met his eyes, George's heart *melted*.

His dulled, green eyes were clouded over with hunger. George rubbed his thumb over the bloodied cheek, he then pressed his lips to the corner of Dream's mouth in a gentle kiss.

The creature paused, George could see the smallest flicker of coherency within the green depths. Dream was staring down at his face with an intensity that made George flush with embarrassment. *Why was he looking at him like that?* He studied George with deep thought. George watched as something finally clicked in Dream's head.

Dream leaned down to his ear and discreetly whispered, "*Do you trust me?*"

He didn't pull back to see George's reaction, he instead listened to the fluttering heartbeat in his ears. George whispered but it came out cracked. "Y-yes." It was the most honest thing George had ever admitted.

Without any further warning, Dream yanked George's head to the side with a cruel force and sunk his teeth into his neck. The teeth tore into the muscle, much deeper than he would normally bite.

White hot and searing pain jolted through his body. George cried out and he attempted to push at Dream's shoulders. Despite being weakened compared to Technoblade, it was clear that George still never stood a chance against Dream.

Panic arose in his chest as his arms started to shake in desperation. Dream was sloppy with the blood dripping from his neck, it wasn't like him to waste so much blood.

George bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut to try to lessen the pain. He grabbed at Dream's shoulders and his nails dug into the skin there.

Dream wouldn't kill him.

He trusted him to stop before it was too late.

*Didn't he?*

The usual care and gentleness is completely void. It *hurt*. It was blistering, words couldn't even describe the excruciating pain. George grasped Dream's shoulders harder and cried out, hot tears already burned down his cheeks.

Dream was taking much more blood than he had in the past. George tried to feel sympathy for him, it must be hard to stop after being starved for three weeks. *He must be so hungry.*

George stopped pushing against the unyielding man above him, he instead wrapped his arms around Dream's neck. He sobbed into his neck as the blonde drained him of his life source.

“Dream...” George hiccuped as more tears fell down his cheeks. “Dream...I’ve missed you so much. I’m so sorry.” He hugged Dream with one arm and ran the other hand through the blonde strands of hair. He could feel Dream warming up in his grasp, as George’s blood ran through his veins.

Even if Dream killed him right now, at least he’d die with the vampire in his arms.

George shakily inhaled. *Burned leaves, fresh pine.* Dream was here now, that was all that mattered.

He wanted to say so much more to Dream. He had too much to apologize for. “Hey...Dream?” George could feel all of his strength leaving. “If you kill me, I just—,” hiccup, “I want you to know that I’ll still love you.” He buried his forehead into Dream’s shoulder. “Don’t beat yourself up over it, okay?”

George was fleetingly lightheaded, the room was spinning, he couldn’t hear anything other than the vicious growls in his ear.

His eyes started to feel much heavier.

“I understand why you did it. As- AH— as much as it hurts me to admit, I understand that you were never really mine.” George let his eyes close. “Thank you for making me feel like you were, even if it was for a short time.” He drew in a heavy breath. “I wouldn’t change a single thing.”

He knew he was babbling, and he wasn’t even sure if Dream could hear him. He hoped he could.

“And...” the words got quieter. He smiled against the skin of Dream’s neck. “I don’t think Sapnap will hold it against you either. I’m sure he’ll understand. It’s not your—“ He coughed out blood. He wasn’t sure that he had much more to spare. “It’s not your fault.”

Dream pulled back and George gasped quietly. He opened one of his eyes, and flinched as he once again met the intense gaze. Dream pulled his own wrist up to his mouth and *tore* into the flesh there. George gaped up at him as Dream pressed his bleeding wrist against George’s bite mark.

George arched backwards and couldn't hold back the moan at the sensation. He was hit with a wave of pheromones that he hadn't ever tasted before. It was far more potent, it seemed to explode all of his cells.

*Was this the completed bond?*

He could *feel* Dream's pheromones. It felt like a thousand hands grasping and grabbing at his body. He could feel himself harden slightly in his jeans. *Not the time.*

His eyes fluttered closed again. The world seemed to be closing in on him. *Too much blood loss.*

He felt Dream's hands dig into his elbows before launching off the chair at the men behind him.

Sounds of carnage, the sickening smell of blood in the air, the wood splintered into his hands.

A vampire lunges toward him and George absent-mindedly raised the broken chair off the floor and shielded himself with it. The splintered wood of the chair pierced through its chest. Black blood started to ooze like tar out of the wound. *Oh, so that's what hurts them.*

He thinks he can hear screaming, though he can't tell where it comes from. He can hardly hear the screams over the ringing in his skull. Blood rushed in his ears. His head was fucking throbbing.

George struggled to keep the bile down when he turned hastily, now realizing the bloodshed that his vampire had left behind. Mauled and nearly dismembered bodies. One clawed at his throat for air before George watched Dream bash his skull in.

Dream turned in a haze, he hurled his body toward Technoblade, but ended up getting slammed to the ground himself. The sickening thud that followed echoed through the room like thunder as the concrete broke beneath him.

Dream's fingernails claw along Techno's arm feebly scratched at his skin. Techno's hand gripped around his throat, George sees a quick flash of a dagger from the red cloak. It gleams like silver when he holds it above Dream's chest.

George just sees red, red closing in around him, swallowing him completely. He yanks the cape, velvet under his fingers, toward him before stabbing the person wearing it through the chest with the splintered leg of the chair.

And then he hit the floor.

---

George awoke the next morning in a confused daze and with a blaring headache. The first thing he noticed was that the fucking *itch* was gone. *Thank god.* He moved to sit up, but there was an arm slung over his torso. His body froze as he slowly turned toward the body warming his bed.

*No, not his bed.* Though not an unfamiliar one.

He looked around, suddenly hit with an odd sense of *deja vu*. Sapnap always kept his house so cold. His eyes followed the arm and sucked in a soft breath at the sight.

Dream, *sound asleep*, and *unmasked* next to him. He hadn't ever even seen the vampire sleep. He wasn't aware that he even could. Though, he definitely deserved it after yesterday. He noted that Dream was only half-tucked under the blankets, clearly desiring the cooler air of the room to being under the warm blanket.

George sunk back down underneath the covers, suddenly aware of his sore body. With all of his movement, Dream grunted and pulled him closer, fully enveloping him in a warm embrace. His head was now comfortably pressed to Dream's chest.

He let his cold hands wrap around Dream's warm one under the blanket. The hand closes over both of George's and makes them ball up. Dream lets a slow breath leave his nose.

"Your hands are cold." He didn't open his eyes to speak, seemingly content to fall right back asleep. George moved to pull his hands away, unsure of himself. He mumbled a quiet apology.

Dream gently pulled them back, he slipped both hands under his shirt. *Warm.* George splayed

his hands over the expanse of his heated stomach. He slowly moved to wrap his arms around Dream's waist, under the shirt, soaking in as much of his warmth as he could.

George reminisced in this feeling. Three weeks was hardly any time, unless it was spent apart from Dream. He never again wanted to feel the emptiness that the vampire left behind.

He felt Dream take a deep inhale and place a soft kiss in his hair. "It feels nice, George. I enjoy the cold." He rolled his eyes, but couldn't fight the smile that pulled at the corners of his lips.

George didn't respond. He let the comfortable silence fill the room.

The quiet lasted for a few minutes, but Dream broke the peace with a gentle hum.

"You were wrong, you know?"

George frowned sadly. "I know—I said so many things I didn't mean, I'm so sorry. I completely understand if you're still upset—," Dream brought his pointer finger to George's lips, properly quieting him.

"Shhh... not that. Last night, you said that I was never really yours. You were wrong." Dream ran his thumb over George's cheek softly. "I've been yours since the night I first saw you."

George looked up to meet Dream's eyes. He only saw raw truth buried deep in the green depths staring back at him.

He felt himself tear up. George bit his lip and broke eye contact. "I'm...sorry that you..." He trailed off when his voice cracked. He fiddled with the hem of Dream's shirt. "Have to be bonded with me...forever now." His voice got even quieter. "I'm sure there's something you could do to break it without it impacting you."

There was a steady silence. He could almost hear Dream thinking if he listened hard enough. The tension in the room was thick, but not uncomfortable. *It was hard to be uncomfortable when he could finally hold Dream again.*

“George.” Said man hummed quietly in response. “I’ve been alive for two and a half centuries. I’ve met millions of people, and I’m the luckiest man to have ever walked this Earth. Do you know why?”

George shook his head slightly.

“It’s because I’ve met *you* . So many people, so many paths, and *yet* , somehow, I’ve ended up here, right now. With you.”

He lightly smiled but he wasn’t entirely convinced. His mind told him that Dream didn’t want the bond. It wouldn’t have happened if he had been in a decent headspace. Dream didn’t deserve to be held down. “Is there a way to undo it?”

Dream stiffened next to him. “Is that what you want?” His voice held a certain edge to it.

He could lie, and maybe that’d be the best for Dream in the long run. It might injure his pride now, but in a few years, George would be completely forgotten. “I won’t let you give your life away to me. It’s not fair to you.”

“Do you want the bond to be broken, George?”

“No, you idiot. I just don’t think *you* want it.”

Dream reached under the blankets and grabbed George’s hips. George made an embarrassing noise when Dream lifted him into the air. The wound from the bond sent a sharp pang though his muscles. He placed George’s thighs on both sides of his torso, seating George over his hips. He sent George an apologetic smile.

The familiar position made George smile almost tragically. He shivered as the biting coldness of the room finally hit him again. Dream draped the blanket over George’s shoulders, then reached to cover both of his hands with his own.

Dream was staring at him with this *look*. He smiled with pure determination and George wanted to cry again.

“I will spend as many years as it takes to convince you that you’re the one. I love you, George. I’ve loved you since I first laid my eyes upon you at that bar. It took me far too long to realize it. I’ll do anything to change your mind.” George furrowed his brows and looked to the side, Dream continued.

“There isn’t anything that this world has to offer me that is worth letting you go. If it’s what *you* want, you’ll have to kill me. The only way to break the bond is if one of us kills the other.” Dream is rubbing circles into the backs of George’s hands. “I felt what your absence did to me for three weeks, I won’t ever let you go again.”

“You must be a fucking idiot if you truly think I could ever kill you.” He lightly boxed Dream’s shoulder.

George wanted to believe him *so badly*. He was too trapped in his own head to be able to accept the words as the truth. He could feel frustrated tears start to form. George balled his hands in Dream’s shirt. “I don’t get it. I’m trying to give you an out here!” He hadn’t meant to raise his voice, but it happened anyway. “No one has ever wanted me for more than a few months. What will happen in a year, or ten, you’ll grow out of this. *Everyone* does!”

His voice broke and tears spilled over his face as the dam finally broke .He clenched his jaw, he always hated crying. It made him feel so weak.

A heavy inhale only led to deeper sobs slipping out. George let his head hit Dream’s chest. He wept against the ever-so patient vampire.

He wiped his tears with the abused shirt and cried even harder. “I don’t *want* you to leave! I *want* to spend forever by your side.” George inhales shakily. “I want to wake up every morning and know that you’ll be there. I want to travel the world with you. I don’t want you and Sapnap to forget about me...”

This was the most open he had been since he left London. It was fucking *terrifying* to expose all of his true feelings like this. The door to his heart was wide open.

Though it wasn’t as if Dream hadn’t already snuck past all of his defenses. He broke all of his walls down the first time he kissed him. The new walls were to keep Dream *inside*.

Dream rubbed his back as he cried. He was too embarrassed to look up and see the vampire’s

expression. He was sure it'd be one of disdain.

"I'm not going anywhere, George. Sap isn't either." The words were quiet, but they echoed in George's head. "If you give me one more chance to fix this, I'll *never* let you go again. You won't be able to get rid of me."

Dream folded his other fingers and stuck his pinky out. "Pinky promise?" George rolled his eyes and hid his face in his elbow as he connected their pinkies.

"You're so stupid." Still though, George laughed. He beamed at Dream through the tears.

"There's that pretty smile. What can I do to convince you?"

George sniffed and smiled down at him. "You can start by kissing me."

Dream pulled George forward by the collar of his shirt. The moment their lips connected again, everything else seemed so minuscule. It was so different than any of the other kisses they had previously shared. *This* one, was openly full of their love.

George gasped into the kiss when the vampire tugged his mouth open with sharp teeth.

When Dream's tongue entered his mouth, he couldn't help but groan. The kisses quickly turned more feverish.

George licked the sharp fangs, slowly trying to draw a reaction out of Dream. His saliva contaminated George's lips, he could feel his head spinning pleasurable. Their energy reconnected and it felt as if the planets had finally realigned.

The scent of the bonfire, burning pine, started to get thicker in the room. He took that as an invitation to start subtly rubbing himself on Dream's thigh.

Dream laughed breathily into his mouth. "*George*. I've stayed faithful these last three weeks. I've reacquainted myself with jacking off *alone*. It's been *centuries* since I've had to resort back to that. I was so used to fucking *you* every night that you upped *my* sex drive too."

He softly trailed the back of his fingers down George's spine. "I can smell them all over you." George whined and kissed him again.

Lower. Lower. Dream traced the line further down and his fingers dip under the fabric of George's jeans. The brunette's breath hitched in surprise. "And I *hate* it." Without any further warning, Dream bit into George's lip as his fingers slipped into George's briefs. He couldn't even taste the blood before Dream was licking it up.

Dream slid two fingers between the crevice of George's ass and rammed them inside his hole. George yelped and preened against him.

"*Dreeea—*"

"Perhaps you've forgotten who you belong to. *I'll remind you.*" Dream hooked his fingers inside him and George felt all of his senses malfunction at once.

Before the dry prepping could truly start to hurt, Dream removed his fingers.

Once his hips were grabbed again, George instantly braced to be flipped over; all too familiar with Dream's antics.

They went through the motions, re-familiarizing themselves with one another's bodies. Next they knew, Dream had three lubed fingers up inside George.

George was tugging at Dream's arms, as if it would make him move faster and just *fuck* him already. George made sure to vocalize the current request avidly. "*Dream*, I'm literally begging you to move faster."

He didn't. Instead, he decided to pepper kisses down George's chest, occasionally nipping at the sensitive skin. Much to his dismay, it managed to pull fond giggles out of him. "Dream!" He laughed harder. "Be nice!"

"What can I say? I've missed your pretty little body." Dream laughed along with him as

George squirmed against him.

Dream spread his fingers and bit down on George's sensitive side with his dulled teeth. His whole body jolted to try to escape it. A light fleet of laughter left his mouth and he tried to smother it with his hands.

Two orgasms later, George was sobbing on Dream's dick. "Dream... DREAM, please oh my god." The blonde tilted his head to the side.

"Were they this good to you, Georgie? I bet you came this many times with the humans too, huh?"

George bit down on his forearm. "Fuuuck...no. They were useless. I missed you so fucking mu—ch." He continued his rough pace.

"George, *George*, I love you." The big brown eyes widened marginally. He wasn't used to hearing those words yet.

He could already feel the third orgasm deep in his gut.

"*Say it back.*"

George huffed and covered his face with his hands. Dream stopped moving completely. George cried at the loss, "Fuck! I love you too. For fucks sake—"

The next thrust was aimed upward and sent George right over the edge. He gasped in surprise when he came, but nothing was released. *Damn.*

"Hah!" The laugh boomed off the walls in the room. "Has anyone else ever made you come dry, George?"

He wanted to kiss that stupid fucking smirk off of his face. Instead of replying, he did just that. Except when he pulled back, Dream looked even more cocky.

An exhausted, fucked out sigh left his lips. Dream pulled out and watched George gasp heavily at the ceiling.

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Some time later, George's heavy dozing was interrupted by a knock at the door. Thankfully, Dream had cleaned them both and put their clothes back on after George had fallen asleep.

A loud yell from outside the door made George look up at his alert vampire, who leaned over him protectively.

*“Hey! Are you two done fucking? I brought Chinese!”*

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With a forkful of lo mein noodles in his mouth, George nudged at Dream's thigh. Sapnap had stepped outside for a quick phone call.

Dream looked at him and smiled.

“So,” He prepped another bite, “this *does* mean I can call you my boyfriend now, right?”

The vampire chuckled lightly. “George, you’re bonded to me for centuries to come, I’d say we are a *little* more than *boyfriends*. ”

So, there George sat, with his *more than* vampire boyfriend.

#### Chapter End Notes

Thank you for 1900 kudos!! If you’ve stayed this long, I can’t thank you enough <333  
I love you all so much, thank you for staying so patient.

I hope the happy ending was everything you’ve dreamed of haha.

Please leave kudos and comments, they mean more than you know!!

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